

THE HUMAN HAND

AND OTHER POEMS,

BY

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VICAR OF BRIXWORTH, AND CHAPLAIN TO THE

BRIXWORTH UNION WORKHOUSE.

SECOND EDITION.



LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1852

TO
MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN OF ALL CLASSES
This Work,
COMPOSED CHIEFLY FOR THEIR BENEFIT,
IS, WITH EVERY GOOD WISH AND EARNEST PRAYER
FOR THEIR WELFARE,
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY THEIR
FAITHFUL SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

THE Human Hand, or The Works of Art, originated about twenty-four years ago in one of those accidental impressions which, at times, suddenly and forcibly affect the mind by means of some present object of contemplation or regard.

I cannot at this distance of time charge my memory with the precise nature of that first impression; nor is there any work, that I am acquainted with, which could have led me into such a line of view as I have taken upon the subject.

The treatise of Galen upon the hand of man, as an instrument indicative of wise and benevolent design on the part of the Creator, is more of an anatomical demonstration, than a general description of its executive powers and operations; and the admirable treatise of the late Sir Charles Bell upon the hand, was not written till several years after the first edition of my work was published.

I well remember that, in an interesting conversation with Dr. Burgess, the late learned and excellent Bishop of St. David's and Salisbury, and President of the Royal Society of Literature, on his expressing

a high degree of admiration of the Poem, and requesting that it might be dedicated to him, he enquired of me if I knew any ancient or modern performance that bore any kind of resemblance to it, and that I was at that time not aware of any. The only production that I could bring to mind as possessing even a slight analogy towards it was, one of the Choruses in the Antigone of Sophocles, beginning with

πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ, κῆδ' ἐν ἀν-
θρώπῳ δεινότερον πέλει.

expressive of admiration at the general skill and daring of the human race, but without any particular reference to the hand itself, as the instrument employed to effect their designs.

The reflections indeed were altogether successive, and productive of each other, by means of that wonderful association of ideas, so admirably compared by Rogers, in his Pleasures of Memory, to the excitation of a nest of ants by the simple disturbance of a single member; and so beautifully expressed by him in the following line—

“Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!”

The Poem is entirely original, as far as any human work can be: and its full scope and application were determined from the beginning; but the sections were only briefly sketched in the first edition, and destined to be much more fully expressed as time and

occasion might require, or as further experience and reflection might suggest.

The period at which it was first composed was pregnant with great events in the affairs of this kingdom, and of other nations—as immediately preceding the Roman Catholic Emancipation and Reform Bills, the expulsion of the Bourbons from France, and vast industrial experiments and undertakings throughout the empire; which greatly influenced, if they did not first produce the train of remarks and reflections contained in the original composition, as the preface to the first edition will clearly evince.

Some hundreds of copies were disposed of, chiefly among private friends, acquaintances and neighbours, though the work was scarcely advertized; and many proofs and assurances have been given me that it was not published in vain. Indeed I have seen sufficient evidences of direct and indirect quotation by various public speakers and writers to convince me that it has been not only read, but studied by men of great capacity, intellect and reflection. But the first edition having been badly got up by a country printer, I was not anxious to extend the sale of the remaining part of that edition by public advertisement; and rather waited an opportunity for bringing out an enlarged and improved edition, containing also some other more recent compositions.

This eventful year appears to me most suitable to the republication of the Poem in its present extended form; and advancing years admonish me to do

quickly what I should be sorry to leave undone, as I would desire my children—fourteen in number—to receive any future benefit from the past labours of their father's hand—not to speak of a further desire, which might seem, like this, to be too fondly entertained, respecting its influence for good upon other minds than theirs. For whatever faults it may contain, and to whatever criticisms it may be exposed, as surely as it has truth for its basis, experience for its test, the glory of God and the good of mankind for its end; so surely do I confide in its gaining and maintaining a place in the literature of this and every Christian state.

The Hand Divine I considered a due and suitable accompaniment to the Human Hand, for the purpose of carrying the mind on from the prospect of time to that of eternity, and to raise the thoughts from secular to heavenly objects.

The Poetical Illustrations of Scripture, as well as The Hand Divine are almost literal reprints from the first edition: so is the Pampeiro, or Tempest of La Plata. All the Elegies but one are now for the first time made generally public, though previously dispersed in a separate form among private friends and acquaintances. The same is the case with the domestic and some other original pieces.

The early Poems are reprinted from a former Edition of 1821, with some omissions and alterations.

In a work like this I should wish, and have endeavoured as much as possible, to avoid any expressions

of a party nature, either in religious or civil matters. There is one exception for which I must claim toleration—my humble tribute to the memory of the late Lord George Bentinck I cannot suppress; nor can I conceal the sentiments which gave rise to that memorial. I hope and believe that no true Englishman of any political party will be offended at it. My pleas for Agriculture I urge on national, and not on party grounds: and I can never regard the Ultra Montane system as any thing less than a national, social and religious abomination—an œcumenical bane, to be execrated, expugned and suppressed by every one who wishes well to the religion of Jesus Christ, and the general welfare of the human race.

Vicarage, Brixworth,
Nov. 19, 1851.

DEDICATION OF THE FIRST EDITION.

TO
THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,
THOMAS,
LORD BISHOP OF SALISBURY.
CHANCELLOR OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF
THE GARTER,
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF
LITERATURE. ETC. ETC.

MY LORD,

I CANNOT but express the encouragement and gratification which it afforded me to find that the following sacred Poems had met with your Lordship's approbation ; as the Public in general are aware that your Lordship was specially selected and appointed by his present Majesty (whose taste and judgment are universally acknowledged) as the most competent and suitable personage in the kingdom to preside over that Royal and Literary Institution which he had so munificently patronized, and which

was founded for the purpose of giving encouragement to the solid and useful productions of the age.


As one of the ablest champions of the Christian cause in general; and, in particular, of our admirable constitution in church and state as established and cemented by the happy reformation and glorious revolution; and as setting an illustrious example of piety and charity to the world at large, it was with increased satisfaction and delight that I received permission to dedicate the present undertaking to your Lordship, and with these sentiments I beg to subscribe myself

Your Lordship's dutiful

and grateful humble servant,

CHAS. FRED. WATKINS.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

HE application of Poetry to the purpose of sacred, and other instruction, is sanctioned by ancient usage; by the example of pious and illustrious individuals of every age and nation; and especially by the authority of the inspired penmen.

The most ancient poem on record, is the address of Lamech to his wives, beginning thus—

עדה וצלה שמען קולי

But it is after the passage of the children of Israel through the Red Sea, and the overthrow of their Egyptian persecutors therein, that a summary of the memorable events, and of the wonderful acts of Divine power and goodness, are celebrated in songs of praise, and verses of thanksgiving, by the leader and legislator of the Jewish People.

The song of Moses, contained in the 15th chapter of Exodus, is a noble model of sacred poesy; as is that also of the same distinguished author, which follows in the 33rd chapter of the book of Deuteronomy.

In imitation of these, the Psalms of David, and other Poems of Holy Writ, were afterwards com-

posed ; which still remain, by the grace and providence of God, to move and exalt the feelings of every pious reader.

Aristotle indeed informs us, that it was usual to write the public laws of the heathen in verse, in the earliest ages of antiquity ; whilst Homer and other classical authors lead us to conclude, that it was the customary manner of delivering all the most useful instructions in primitive times ; as Grotius demonstrates in his “ *Prolegomena to Stobæus*.”

“ Precepts of wisdom so taught, says the learned and excellent Bishop Patrick, are exceedingly charming to the minds of youth—he might have said to the minds of almost every one—being not only more easily imprinted on the memory, but touching the affections more powerfully, and to the very quick, than those which are spoken at large.”

Horace explains the office of the Poet to consist, in a great measure, in thus instructing the rising generation : his words are worthy of record ; though it must be confessed that he oftentimes departed from his own definitions.

*Torquet ab obscænis jam nunc sermonibus aurem ;
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis et invidiæ corrector et ira :
Recte facta refert : orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis : inopem solatur et ægrum :
Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti
Disceret unde preces, vatem nisi musa dedisset ?
Poscit opem chorus, et presentia numina sentit :
Cœlestes implorat aquas docta prece blandus :*

Avertit morbos, mactanda pericula pellit :
 Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.
 Carmine Di Superi placantur.——

Their ears he from obscene discourses turns :
 By friendly precept forms their principles :
 Fell envy's spite, and anger's fierceness tames :
 With strict fidelity the past relates :
 By bright examples now the rising age
 Instructs : the needy and the sick consoles.
 How would the youths and tender virgins learn
 Their precatory hymns without a bard ?
 His aid the chorus claims and feels inspired,
 As with his learned song it sweetly chaunts
 A supplicative lay to heaven for rain :
 Disease, and dangers dread, his muse dispels ;
 And peace and plenty gains for mortal men——
 Appeasing with his strains the powers divine.

We know that it was customary also with the Greeks, to apply the graces of poetry to the same instructive purposes. The extensive reputation, and excessive regard which the verses of Simonides obtained, is known to all classical readers ; not to mention the use of verse in their choruses, pæans, &c.

And, though we have lost the connecting chain, there can be no doubt, that all nations derived the practice from the remotest age of the world—that so universal a custom, pervading, as it has, such a multitude of diverging channels, must have had its origin in some one common and distant source—that, in short, it flowed from the primitive race of

mankind.* Since the Christian Era the same custom has been successfully continued with little, or no intermission. The learned and excellent Bishop of Ely, whose name I have already mentioned, repeats the story of Adelmus, who introduced the composition of latin verse among the English, a little before the time of Edward the Confessor, and wrought, by his excellent faculty, such wonderful effects upon the people, in civilizing them in their manners, and instructing them in the duties of Religion, that Laufrank, of his own authority, canonized him on that account.

Grotius originally composed his "Evidences of the Christian Religion" in native verse, that it might be more popular, and more easily committed to memory by the rudest people: nor was he disappointed in his expectation; for it became so exceedingly popular, that Bignonius prevailed upon him to give to the world a Latin translation of the Dutch original; since which time it has become an established manual for candidates for holy orders in this country; and is deservedly esteemed to be one of the most useful books in existence, after the Scriptures.

Episcopus says of the original that, "the oftener he read over those verses, the more he was wrapt into love and admiration of them: there being no-

* Macaulay has followed up this argument in his Introduction to the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, with authorities and instances.

thing in them that was not most necessary to be known, and able to incline the hardest heart to embrace our holy religion."

In works of this kind, it ought to be the care of the writer that, (to use the encomium of Episcopius in reference to Grotius) "the majesty of the matter should not at all hinder the clearness of the verse; nor it being tied to verse, at all dilute, or enervate the majesty of the matter."

It is the fault of the generality of sacred Poems in our language, that the thoughts and conceptions of the authors are beneath the dignity of the subject: or that the expressions they use are derogatory to the occasion.

There are some indeed to be excepted from this censure; Pope's Messiah; a part of Dryden's *Religio Laici*, and some of his minor pieces; the noble Poem of Sir John Davis on the Soul; not to speak of Milton, and others, who have introduced fictitious characters and actions in the course of the Drama, and thereby degraded the better portion.

Whether the present Poems can claim the eulogium which Episcopius passed upon those of Grotius, must be left to others to determine. I am satisfied with the approbation bestowed upon them by my learned and venerable Diocesan,* and other highly esteemed and talented individuals; which affords me the greatest confidence and encouragement in sub-

* The pious and learned Bishop Burgess.

mitting them to the notice of the public; at the same time keeping in mind that a variety of tastes will occasion a variety of opinions upon every subject.

If any objection be made, it ought in propriety to be confined to the quality of the performance, and not to the nature of the work. For though many religious persons profess to discard all poetry from their reading, they only prove thereby either that they possess a defective organization, or that their sentiments are not in unison with those of true piety. If the former, they cannot help it. If the latter, then may we ask, why is poetry applied by the inspired writers,—especially by the sweet Psalmist of Israel, to the loftiest and most heartfelt strains of devotion, in all its branches of prayer, and praise, and thanksgiving?

Was not the Creation commenced with the harmonious strains of angels; and will not poetry be used by the redeemed, when the world shall have passed away? Is there not harmony and grace observed in the structure of all the works of God; in the plans and operations of his providence; in those of redemption likewise? And is it not an inconsistency to object to—nay, not to approve of, a harmony and grace of numbers in the mention and celebration of those works?

The minor pieces in this collection are specimens of Poetical Illustrations of Scripture. They were written on the plan of confirming and concentrating the different passages of scripture which relate to

any particular subject—scattered and disjointed as they are in the Sacred Volume,—and thereby presenting a synoptical collocation of the word of God, by a clear and explanatory arrangement of the relative parts of the subject.

The employment is always productive of advantage and improvement to the person who uses it; and is, in some measure, incumbent upon every Christian in his private and individual capacity; but doubly so upon the Christian minister, a part of whose office it is to expound the scriptures in this comparative manner.

The Pampeiro, or Tempest of La Plata, is a description from recollection of scenes which I had actually witnessed; with the addition of some imaginary, though probable and consistent occurrences, inserted for the purpose of practical application.

The Human Hand is an endeavour to depict the various works of human art, with such reflections, and such allusions to the present state of the country, as may lead to a right estimate of human actions and sublunary things.

The Hand Divine is an attempt to describe the attributes of God in his works of Creation, Providence, and Redemption; and thereby to instil pure and lasting sentiments of true religion; and to recommend unanimity and concord among all the members of our Church Establishment.

In composing these Poems, I sought for myself occupation and improvement; consolation and de-

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light: and found my expectations amply fulfilled. That the perusal of them may be productive of the same benefits to the Reader, is my sincere desire and earnest prayer.

I have only, in conclusion, to beg the blessing of Almighty God upon the undertaking; and leave it, with whatever imperfections it may possess, to his gracious disposal and acceptance, and to the candour and indulgence of the Public.

Farley, near Salisbury,
January 1, 1829.



THE HUMAN HAND, OR THE
WORKS OF ART.

INTRODUCTION.



THOU instrument! of varied good and ill;
Of multiplied design, and boundless
skill :—
What works of magnitude and grace
attest

The operative power by thee possest !

Where'er I turn—to river, land, or sea—

What countless monuments exist of thee !

Vast and stupendous some : their strength and size
Astound the mind, and fix the wondering eyes :
Some more harmonious, decorative prove ;
And pleasing thoughts, and mild sensations move ;
While some more devious, intricate, and fine,
Ingenuous art, with painful toil, combine
An ecstacy of sweet surprise to bring,
That from thine efforts such effects could spring !

Parent of Art and Science ! let us first
 Survey the land of Canaan's Sire accurst—
 The land of Ham renowned in sacred lore
 And classic page ; and here thy works explore :
 Whether above or 'neath the fruitful ground
 20 We seek thy wonders—here they most abound.

SECTION I. CHALDEA AND ASSYRIA.

NINEVEH.

OF all the compeers of her earlier days,
 And rival empires—none like her displays
 Thy skilful acts, which now have chiliads braved,
 Though havoc, wars, and tumults round them raved,
 For faint and few the giant proofs remain
 On famed Chaldea's and Assyria's plain ;
 Where the same instrument, that raised and decked
 Their gorgeous piles, those gorgeous piles have
 wrecked ;
 Or helpless shook, while a sublimer hand
 30 Empyred, o'erthrew, entombed them in the sand :
 Because the tyrant-course of Cush his son—
 Through nature's waste and human misery run—
 The rebel-spirit and the daring pride,
 When Belus soared to Heaven and Heaven defied ;
 The impious jestings, and the use profane
 Of sacred things, amid the revel strain
 Of Babel's midnight-feasts, by kings insane ;
 But more than all, the stern unpitying tread
 On Judah's humbled neck, when captive led,

40 And devastation of "the Holy Hill,"
 By their fierce hands ; did thus at length fulfil
 A greater sum of varied guilt, to cry
 For heavier vengeance to the Judge on high ;
 Till, by his whirlwind swept, his lightning scared,
 Scarce aught of thee remains which Median hands
 had spared.

That "howling waste" of all thy works is left,
 Save some disjected, shapeless ruins left ;
 Enough his justice, truth, and power to show,
 And lay the pride of sinful mortals low.

50 Lo ! where the golden harp, and viol's sound,
 And woman's sweeter tones were flung around,
 Hear ! the owl screech his harsh ill-boding cry,
 And the lone bittern lift her wail on high ;
 And where the measured and the tuneful tread
 Of Ashur's daughters once their mazes led,
 The satyrs revel ; and, with foul grimace,
 Mock the fair gestures of the human race.
 While venom'd serpents, mixed with beasts of prey,
 From caves and jungles, dark and damp by day, }
 60 Scare with their horrid hiss, and fright mankind }
 away.

Yet here—c'en here—perhaps divinely led—
 In after times the Saxon's foot shall tread ;
 Whose sires from hence, in ages past, had flown,
 By northern routes, to distant lands unknown ;
 And southward turning, from the western goal,
 Reduced whole nations to their fierce controul ;
 Till, softened by the Gospel's melting ray,

They changed to strains of peace the warrior's lay ;
 And, blending with the conquered races, fixed
 70 A firm abode, where'er it happed they mixed.

Yes ! here the Saxon energy shall find
 A task congenial to his ardent mind—
 Amid these shapeless ruins to explore
 The hidden relics of the days of yore ;
 And from the cells of subterranean night
 Drag forth obruted treasures to the light ;
 And bid these memoirs, rescued from the tomb,
 Attest the Almighty truth which spake those nations'
 doom.

SECTION II. EGYPT.

80 **E**GYPT less cruel, and less impious proved—
 Though not from guilt exempt, or wrath re-
 moved—

Did more indulgence in her judgments find ;
 And lives, though still to vile estate consigned ;
 Receiving, with her plagues, the price, well paid,
 Of Israel's sojourn in her Goshen made ;
 And that asylum which the Saviour gained,
 When, fled from Herod, he awhile remained,
 Amid the scatter'd tribes, residing here
 In peace and opulence, remote from fear.
 Her buildings likewise, and her works of art
 90 More service and instruction too impart ;
 And hence were spared, rich lessons to convey
 To favoured nations of a later day.

That day is come ! and we are they to whom
 Are oped the secret chamber, and the tomb
 Where distant ages speak in tones profound,
 That harmonize with truth's coeval sound,
 Like the vast relics strewed upon her ground,
 Where history's voice and revelation's tongue
 Are clearly heard thy wondrous works among.

100 On Memphian rocks, high o'er the level plain,
 Which now appears a boundless watery main ;
 Now strewed with dust, and now with verdure drest,
 The Pyramids exalt their pointed crest.

Waked by thy spell, from out their native bed
 The sleeping rocks leaped up, asunder fled ;
 By thee in ponderous masses hither brought :
 By thee compiled ; by thee with labour wrought ;
 So huge, so firm, that here they still abide,
 Defying time—here only's time defied—
 110 Vain monuments of despot-waste and pride !
 Yet full of wonder that a work so great
 So small an instrument could e'er create !

Nor less enormous, of its kind, in size, [prize ;
 The neighbouring Sphynx next claims our mute sur-
 Nor less of reckless waste, or vain design—
 With greater art—betrays this work of thine.
 Beneath his grievous bulk the hillock shrinks,
 And half his length the monster downward sinks !

Nor these alone admiring thoughts excite—
 120 Thou coveredst Mitzraim with thy proofs of might !

Her western plain, by Lybia's burning sand,
 A sea displays amid the fertile land,

To which a gulf-like stream conveys the tide
Of Nile's, when much increased—o'erflowing pride.
These labours—great and useful—justly raise
Thy fame immortal, thine immortal praise.

Northward I turn ; and there, without the coast,
The Tower of Pharos spreads thy fame the most :
By those were life and food preserved on land ;
130 By this the seaman shunned the fatal strand :
In those thy skill and toil the native blest,
When, free from danger, he retired to rest :
In this the stranger hails the beacon light,
Which safely guides him through the darkest night.

Nor far from hence, on Alexandria's shore,
Lo ! the red pillar taught by thee to soar,
Raised to appease great Pompey's hovering shade,
Near where his murdered, mangled corpse was laid :
The towering shaft reminds the passer by
140 Of all his lofty deeds and majesty ;
While in its tint the blush of Egypt glows,
Suffused with shame, as thus her crime it shows.

Through winding tracks the storied Labyrinth calls
The royal peers to its now-ruined walls :
Where each alike displayed thy skill and powers,
Its fairy palaces, or Eden-bowers.

In Egypt last, we'll trace the classic ground
Of ancient Thebes, in Homer's lay renowned :
Her hundred gates, surviving yet in fame,
150 Thine ingenuity and might proclaim ;
While broken columns, shafts, disjointed, spread
Beside the ruined mansions of the dead,

With standing arches, corridors, and walls—
All but entire—the musing mind recalls
To distant periods, when the spacious waste
Was all with grandeur clad, with splendour graced.
• Still, in the wreck of time, are here displayed,
Bright tints, by thee imperishably laid :
Those lasting tints so chosen, so combined,
160 That all the painting glows with life and mind ;
And equally thy skill the marble owns,
So vital, mental are the sculptured stones.

But ardent minds in quest of ancient lore,
And search of truth, are still intent on more
Than what the surface of the land supplies
To feed their hopes, and crown their enterprize.

'Tis not enough that heat and thirst they prove,
And fatal plague alarms each step they move ;
That murderous projects o'er their lives impend,
170 And common risks and dangers thick attend :
Whilst aught they seek, and aught they hope to find,
Naught unexplored by them is left behind ;
But quitting nature's realm, and light of day,
Down to the mansions of the dead their way
They fearless wend, through passages of night,
And vapours dense, in superstition's spite.
As though resistless urged, till scenes concealed
From by-gone ages stand at length revealed.

With undiminished strength of outline, plain,
180 All creatures here their several forms retain—
Unfled, unfaded are the colours too,
Where'er the painter laid the vivid hue—

Each in his proper order, class, and kind ;
 And to his separate functions each consigned ;
 Whether the human, or inferior race,
 Or fictioned deities we care to trace ;
 Or look for each production of the earth,
 Which from her bosom draws its growth and birth ;
 And things inanimate, as feigned, or wrought
 190 By thee, may here in every guise be sought ;
 Till in those graphic emblems we behold
 That ancient nation's earlier story told ;
 And what the picture speaks not to the eye,
 The neighbouring hieroglyphic will supply.

MORAL.

Then tell the sequel ! what the lesson ? tell !
 That wisdom here may gain by pondering well.
 Brief is the sum and substance of the whole ;
 Vast and important to the human soul,
 Which here may see how far—scarce farther can—
 200 Proceed the labours and the wit of man ;
 The utmost compass of his power and art ;
 The full extent of all which they impart
 To satisfy those strong and fond desires
 Which glow within his breast, in quenchless fires,
 From the first moment of his helpless birth,
 Till, foiled and spent, he turns again to earth.
 Cease then, enthusiast ! cease your vain parade
 Of new inventions, and improvements made :
 Peruse these monuments ! disperse the gloom !
 210 Bring forth and read these records of the tomb !

As wide the extent of science there unrolled,
And equal skill in all the arts behold !
As our proud age of tumid pomp and strife
Can minister to this poor fleeting life.
Whate'er of comfort, elegance, or taste
You seek to find, and to appropriate haste ;
Compare it well with ancient scenes here shown
By these mute dramatists—so early known ;
Then check thy feverish heat : with chastened mind
220 To this conclusive sentence be resigned—
Of all the fond conceits to which we run,
There's naught unknown before beneath the sun,
Save and except the ways of truth and light,
To noonday splendour brought from shades of night :
Of God and heavenly things alone we view
Superior knowledge, and discoveries new ;
And this when purely kept, and rightly taught
To regulate each action, wish, and thought,
Alone can nation above nation raise,
270 Increase their weal, and lengthen out their days.
From this controul withdrawn, thy power was lent
To useless vanities ; thy days were spent
In pandering to each sensual gross desire
Which men like beasts pursue, and then like beasts
expire.
Nay far beneath the savage, and the course
Which beasts fulfil, by Heaven's instinctive force,
Behold ! these men of science, and of parts,
Accomplished too in all the finer arts,
With abject body and degraded mind,

240 In adoration fall before their kind !
 And—O !—believe their own unblushing tale,
 Prostrate before the very reptiles quail !

EMBALMING.

O mournful task ! those entrails to withdraw :
 To cleanse the hollow trunk and empty maw :
 With medicated drugs to insperge the whole :
 The veins to inject, the well cered bands to roll ;
 Thine own once active, pliant joints to bind,
 Now void of motion and of help—confined—
 Reft of their life and strength—reft of their guiding
 mind. }

250 Come ! from thy cerements come ! and let us see
 What thine own semblance, thus preserved, may be ?
 Ha ! like thy works around thee, do we view
 Thyself inoperative, listless too ?
 And far more hideous to thy nature's sight—
 Shroud thy mortality again from light !
 Let not thy sallow, shrivelled form appear !
 Thy very works do mock thy shape and colour here !

SECTION III. GREECE.

FROM hence the schools of Greece their sci-
 ence brought,
 From hence, her greatest masters erst were taught }
 260 Whate'er Apelles drew, or Phidias wrought ;—
 Save what from Syria's or Ionia's shore
 She first received, to be repaid once more.

Yet thou with finer, lighter touch did'st rear,
 And many a pile adorn in Greece than here ;
 The pomp and magnitude of despot-pride
 Were, in that land of freedom, laid aside :
 And her small states in minor fabrics vied.
 But still, for fame, thy toil was surer there,
 On lesser models, wrought with nicer care :
 270 In due proportions all her fanes were placed,
 With juster science, decked with purer taste.
 And here amid the sculptured Parian stone,
 Or moulded brass, or polished ivory shown,
 (Whene'er from nature he diverts his view
 To those whose works are most to nature true)
 The impassioned limbs, and easy flowing vest
 Must on the enraptured artist be imprest :
 And here his soul must inspiration sip
 From the mind-speaking eye and heart-emotioned lip.
 280 Or, like the Italian of a former day,
 These spoils, removed, must at his home survey ;
 And from inferior images apart,
 Make such alone the models of his art ;
 Till, with a kindred touch, and mind inspired,
 His own conceptions rise, to be like them admired.

MORAL.

But what life, of virtue, and of bliss
 Find we to flourish in a land like this ?
 Where such fair structures, so embellished shine—
 Union of skill, and beauties of the mine !
 290 Still does her polity, her freedom stand,

To suit these labours of her children's hand ?
 And was the sacred culture of her fanes
 Worthy their cost, their loveliness, and pains ?

Go to the temple of each fabled god ;
 And pierce the mysteries held beneath his nod !
 Then come, and to the listening world proclaim
 The senseless follies, mixed with deeds of shame,
 That ye have hearkened to and witnessed there,
 Within those walls so costly, bright, and fair !

300 Less gross and abject, than in Egypt, here
 The superstitious rites indeed appear :
 Withheld from creatures of inferior kind,
 And mix'd with sweet delusions more refined,
 Where Fawns and Dryads charm the classic mind — }
 The minds of all—for all delight to rove
 Through flower-enamelled mead and shady grove,
 Bask on the sunny bank, and watch the stream ; }
 Or, by cool fountain, mark the distant gleam,
 And there of fairies, and of wood-nymphs dream. }

310 So like the Paradise in which he dwelt !
 The semblance ever must by man be felt—
 So much infected by that pristine lot !
 His nature never hath the scene forgot ;
 But wears the latent image stamp't within,
 Strong as the impression of his early sin ;
 And only needs some likeness, seen, or told,
 To rouse the affection planted there of old.

Scarce has the infant left its mother's arms,
 When straight, enamoured of fair Flora's charms,
 320 From flower to flower he runs, with fond delight,

And snaps the stem that bears the hues so bright ;
 Then, on the velvet sward, enchanted, laid,
 Doats on the spoils his tiny hands have made.

Next, mark that gentle, modest, slender child,
 With fairy-tread, and look so sweet and mild,
 Amid the blooming shrubs her steps pursue,
 The welfare of some favorite plants to view ;
 Beaming with joy, if all are prosperous found ;
 And sad with grief if one sustains a wound.

330 Then note that ripened form and graceful air
 Pervading each parterre with anxious care ;
 That care on each so watchfully bestowed,
 As though to all parental rights were owed ;
 Administering to each as need demands,
 And cherishing the weak with tender hands ;
 Each drooping patient lifted, and conveyed
 In her soft arms to where no storms invade.

Nor disregard that old man's drooping form,
 Exposed alike to sunshine and to storm,
 340 While he, with pride, surveys the plants he reared,
 And mourns the loss of others, disappeared,
 With all a father's fondness and regret,
 Who cannot cease to love, nor those he loved forget.

And thus throughout our sojourn here below,
 Both old and young, of either sex, bestow
 On verdant lawns, and vivid shrubs, and flowers
 And purling streams, and mossy banks, and bowers
 Affections fond, and ever constant shown,
 Which change not, fail not, cannot be outgrown, }
 350 Innate, indigenous, divinely sown !

Ingenious cheats, O Greece ! and void of power
To aid or soothe him, in his darkest hour :
To heal and mend the heart, or raise the soul ;
As worthless and fictitious on the whole.
And hence they feigned, remote from pain and grief—
From which e'en Tempè's vale had no relief—
Elysian fields, in aspect, joy, and clime
A perfect Paradise, and endless prime !

But who the heralds of that blest abode ? '

360 By whom commissioned ? where the certain road ?
In vain alas ! the harbingers are sought :
Witness and record ?—both are worse than naught :
And when invention this fond scene proclaimed,
Credulity itself drew back ashamed ;
Till, to the poor a play ; the wise a jest ;
Mankind uncertain lived, and died unblest !

SOPHISTS.

Then let us from the sacred fanes withdraw,
And hear the wise man's creed, the sage's law ;
Avaunt, ye sophists ! 'tis not you we seek,
370 To learn your tenets, or to hear you speak.
Forbear your quibbles ! hush your babbling tongues !
And spare your ingenuity and lungs !
Be still and mute ! or else, begone ! depart !
Grimace your action—fallacy your art.
Ye wanton monkeys ! lay your gambols by !
Nor chatter more when men themselves are nigh.
Ye spurious and degenerate race ! who scorn
The reason and the sense to which you're born ;

Leaving the good your masters taught behind,
380 With false pretensions greater fame to find :
With errors dark confounding truth and light,
Dazzling with tinselled rhapsodies the sight.

PHILOSOPHERS.

Fain would we list to hear those modest few
Who knew so much ; yet thought they little knew ;
Professed themselves not wise, yet wisdom sought ;
And wooed as lovers what with pains they bought ;
Milesian Thales, who in that early day
The solar system learnt ; and taught the way,
By wisdom, temperance, and sweet content—
390 With charity and prudence also blent—
To seek that happiness which mortals crave
Such as we find it hither of the grave.
Bade us the world's material form to deem
An outward temple of the Great Supreme :
In all above, around our path to see
Attesting emblems of his Deity,
Who to the crimes and virtues of mankind
Can ne'er indifferent prove, nor ever blind.
Good was the lesson, but it failed to show
400 The main of what we still require to know,
How perfect bliss can e'er by man be gained ;
And when acquired, for evermore maintained.
With less than this the mind can never rest,
But still demands the knowledge to be blest.
This Anaxagoras could never teach ;
Though his sublimer mind did nearer reach

The glorious attributes of God to ken,
 And saw them clearest of that race of men.
 Nor matters it that he, who thus could tell
 410 The properties of higher powers so well,
 Should, when of matter he essayed to speak,
 Great want of knowledge show, and reasoning weak
 For such a mind, on loftier subjects bent,
 Might in inferior things be with less skill content.

So failed the rest of that renown'd school,
 O'er which the wise Milesian first had rule ;
 From fair Ionia—whence he, banished, came
 For love of liberty, that had its name.

Incompetent alike the Samian Sage,
 420 Who, to the science of a previous age,
 Such mighty stores of various learning brought—
 In Egypt, Babylon, and India sought.

Justly he strove to purify the mind
 Of those who felt to wisdom's path inclined ;
 For well he knew, without the single eye,
 Mankind can neither far look up on high,
 Nor clearly judge of things remote or nigh. }

By self-denial and strict discipline
 He thus would vice suppress, and sense refine ;
 430 Whilst contemplative silence lent her aid
 To abstract the mind from what might else invade ;
 And thus probationed long, and well prepared,
 His vast mysterious lore each fond disciple shared.

Nor was the body urged to swift decay,
 Nor the mind's vigour harshly worn away
 By rigid tasks, or dull unvarying toil ;

But, ever mindful of the wearied soil,
They both were strengthened, and refreshed, and
cheered,

With music's sacred charm, as morn and eve appeared.

440 • But ineffectual all ; for errors here,
With superstitions largely mixed, appear ;
And e'en the imperfect standard he attained,
When gone himself, his scholars ne'er maintained.
But each, as fancy or ambition led,
In quest of some new art, new follies bred ;
Till numerous as the schools the doctrines grew ;
And all, though militant, promulged as true ;
Adopted too, whate'er they were, when taught,
Where for the master, not for truth, they fought.

450 Pass we them by ; nor further time devote
To their successors, though of higher note,
Whom Elea in prolific numbers bred—
A heterogeneous sect without a head.
And let us now—a last resource—repair
To where Minerva dwells, in Athens fair.

SOCRATES.

If wit, and skill, and wisdom here below,
At once combined and perfected, could show
Of truth and bliss conjoined the surest plan—
Here may we hope to find the instructive man.

460 Lo ! there he passes !—note his simple mien—
His homely garb—'tis thus he's ever seen.
Plain are his features ; but behold that head !
And mark that frontal !—high and widely spread.

Projecting outward, like a casket swelled
 By precious stores in straitened confines held.
 Hither he comes ! and, as he wends his way,
 Frequent he stops—to all would something say,
 In unpretending and familiar style—
 Now grave—and now with a benignant smile ;
 470 While, fixed in admiration and surprise,
 He rivets on himself their minds and eyes.

Lo ! on his staff, by either hand comprest,
 His hoary chin some listener leans to rest ;
 And, while his gray locks float upon the wind,
 To catch the strain his inmost soul's inclined ;
 And new and strange emotions quickly start,
 As long impent and dormant in his heart ;
 Threatening to burst their prison's faint controul,
 While scenes of bliss and glory to the soul, }
 480 Through future time, the sage's words unrol.

Pondering those words, behold ! the aged sire
 Homeward return ; and there, with fond desire,
 And infant hopes, he scans his future lot,
 When gone from earth—by all on earth forgot.
 Now faint, and now confused the prospect seems
 Before his fluttering heart ; now brightly gleams :
 And now, with eager grasp, the mind would seize ;
 And now, with doubt ; and now, despairing, flees :
 Till, all exhausted, in the strife he lies ;
 490 And, all uncertain of the issue, dies.

See the wild youth ! whose brightly glancing eye
 And reckless bearing all controul defy,
 Arrested by his gentle hand and voice,

And gentler look, submits to hear of choice ;
And stands corrected—chastened by the speech,
And moral suasion, as he hears him preach
Of peace, and love, and joy that straight ensue
From virtue's course, as virtue's proper due.

Here ruler, sage, and Areopagite,
500 And far famed courtesan alike unite,
With each inferior class that swells the throng,
Enraptured by the charms that to his words belong :
But, like the melting streams, again congeal
Soon as they cease his radiant powers to feel—
A constant living principle within
Alone can cure the vital power of sin.
Deep in the soul the inborn plague remains,
Nor ceases with the purge of outward stains :
Nor could the genius of this wondrous sage
510 Define the cause, though felt through every age ;
Much less prescribe the cure for this sad wound,
By all confessed ; in every bosom found :
The source of evil ; its remedial power ;
The safe direction to man's dying hour ;
The mode of access to the throne above,
By prayer and sacrifice, for God's bright love—
For condonation of the past, and grace
To bring man safely to his glorious face.
These long sought truths, and this long-wished for
light,
520 No human mind could fetch from deepest night ;
And this the candid sage confessed ; and bade
His lost disciples wait for higher aid,

Which God would send them in his own good hour,
And their great need, by some superior power.

Alas! our nature! soon thy taints appear;
And soon the leprous plague extends too clear,
In all its deadly and malignant form,
Like some disastrous pestilential storm.

Hark! to the cries of envious sophists, blending
530 With shouts of wounded malice high ascending—
Cries for the life—shouts for the blood to flow
Of him who gave them all he knew to know.

* * * * *

DEATH OF SOCRATES.

Slowly the Thoris leaves the Delian shore
The loved Saronic gulf to reach once more:
And long the Athenian's watchful eye shall fail
To catch the glistening of her milk-white sail.
Day follows day; and still the wished for sun
Round Sunium's cape its western course hath run;
And still the sacred embassy delays
540 To gratulate their longing, anxious gaze.

Wafted, at length, by slow and fitful breeze,
The keen-eyed mariner at distance sees,
Ere night has spread her shadow on the earth,
The well-known rocky coast which gave him birth.

Yet still the vessel lingers on the deep;
And winds and waves retire to troubled sleep.
As weary of the grave, unwelcome load
Which claims their service on the watery road;
And nature sunk in sullen silence lay,

550 As all abhorrent of the coming day.

But though the winds were hushed, as still could be ;
 And smooth the surface of the glassy sea ;
 Yet ever and anon, from some deep source,
 The labouring flood a heaving swell would force,
 Now lifting up the vessel, as it rose ;
 Now down, with sudden wrath, the burthen throws.

And though around a constant calm prevails
 Dire was, by starts, the fluttering of her sails ;
 And, as the canvass to the mast did flap,
 560 The jerking cordage seemed in twain to snap ;
 Nor could the weary sailor, or his guest,
 That night attain his wonted tranquil rest ;
 But, by strange sounds disturbed, would frequent start ;
 And, strangely shook, expects the planks to part.

In Athens' self at midnight hour was heard
 The death note, screeched by each ill-omened bird ;
 And those harsh bodings of the carrion fowl
 Were mingled with the watch-dog's doleful howl :
 And, ere the morning's opening dawn was nigh,
 570 A blood-red meteor shot athwart the sky.

Till each conspiring hand and guilty breast
 With terror shook—by peace and sleep unblest :
 Nor could her harmless sons their eyelids close,
 That fearful night, to meet with calm repose.

* * * * *

The die is cast ! with unrelenting heart,
 Man still persists to act his evil part :
 And—all these warnings sent by heaven in vain—
 Nature resumes her wonted face again :

The breeze now freshens ; o'er the deep once more
580 The vessel speeds, and all delays are o'er.

Of all that civic-host together thrown,
One heart beat undisturbed, and one alone ;
And, while his parting friends beside him weep,
Within the felon-cell finds tranquil sleep.
He—he alone, exempt from grief and fears,
No agitation shows, and sheds no tears :
No passions discompose that face serene,
Where still the bland and playful smile is seen.
With full and perfect self-command possest,
590 He soothes and calms each sad companion's breast ;
And when the poisoned chalice meets his eye,
With unchanged look, without one transient sigh,
The venom'd draught of human malice shakes,
And the destroying mixture calmly takes.

Weep, Athens weep ! and mourn, O Greece ! the
age
Which robbed thee of thy best and greatest sage ;
And basely gave to so unmeet an end
Thy noblest patriot, and thy truest friend ;
Casting thine own good genius thus away—
600 To his avenging furies thence a prey !

Let nations mark ! and all mankind take heed
That evil factions work no more such deed :
That Justice—led by interest, or by fears,
No dark plot sanctions, such as this appears ;
Lest by the same avenging furies torn,
A future fate, like hers, they're forced to mourn.

SECTION IV. ROME.

- I**MPERIAL Rome thy next exertions claimed—
In solid grandeur there thy works were framed,
Harmonious with her sons, a nobler race,
610 Of loftier bearing, but with less of grace :
Her empire's wide extent, her wealth and fame,
And greater multitude such works became.
 'Neath the foundations of her towering fanes,
Her ample areas and her straightened lanes,
The huge Cloaca, formed alike for all—
The humblest cottage, as the marble hall—
The vast conceptions of that race declare,
With which their great progenitors prepare
The pristine seat of universal power,
620 Thus challenged for her in that nascent hour
 No shepherd's hands—no bandit's outcast race
Bestowed their mean beginnings on the place ;
But errant-hosts, from Asia's wide domain,
Came, quickly wafted, o'er the azure main ;
In arts and science skilled, and various lore,
Transplanted first to famed Etruria's shore ;
With northern mixtures through Hesperia spread,
Till all commingled in her future head.
 Here soon, in stately pomp, the Temples rise
630 To every Deity that fills the skies ;
And here the Forum's ample space unfolds
The walls wherein each conscript Father holds,
In solemn session, the profound debate,

On which depends the glory of the state ;
And close beside, the wide forensic hall
Awards the meed of right alike to all ;
And there, beneath where Law and Justice dwell,
Convicted felons reach'd the Mammian cell ;
Though here, in earlier times, the people saw
640 Religion joined with Government and Law,
In those Basilicas of orient date
Wherein, as King and Priest, the monarch sate,
Performing first the auspicious rites divine,
From whence he learns strict justice to define ;
And then, executive of what he taught,
At his command the sentence straight was wrought.
But no self-will, nor autocratic sway
Took life, or liberty, or right away.
Round that tribunal where the monarch soared,
650 Assessors sate, and justice ruled the board ;
And fearless advocates implead the cause,
And claim the award by well-known righteous laws.
This glorious city, and this empire wide,
Instruction gave to all mankind beside
In useful works of vast extent and skill,
Whose solid structures stand coherent still.
Her bounteous aqueducts yet span the vale ;
Her martial roads their service still entail ;
Her bridges still their lofty arches keep
660 Where rivers glide, or mountain-torrents sweep ;
O'er many a wondrous work of thine looks down
The lofty Capital with haughty frown,

The Colliseum, though a wreck, remains
To vie with those on Egypt's sandy plains ;
Her baths, her fountains, her palatial domes,
Triumphal arches, and sepulchral homes
Alike her grandeur, power, and wealth attest ;
And thy proud triumph was in all exprest.

For lighter conquests thou had'st here small space,
670 Amid that stern and most majestic race.

Directed by the livelier Grecian mind—
A race to such pursuits and tastes inclined—
The marble started from the block, and took
Impassioned attitude and sentient look :
Each feature, limb, and motion—turned by art—
Exhibiting true Nature's counterpart.

And there, collected, shone from far and near,
Whatever works of thine on earth appear,
From the first rising of the orient sun,
680 To where his daily course on earth is run,
In tributary form, by conquest brought,
Or by insatiate wealth and luxury sought.

MORAL.

And now we'll ponder all thy labours here,
And see what fruits of good or ill appear :
What benefits to man in each abound,
Or what to God's true glory may redound.

Within those temples where, in earlier time,
Religion flourished, simple, pure, sublime ;
And worship rose to one unseen on high

- 690 Who made and ruled earth, ocean, air, and sky—
 To Him alone unrivalled, uncontrolled; [old;
 Whose power ne'er waned, whose age ne'er waxed }
 Whose graven image there was yet untold—
 Within those temples see, in later age,
 Gods of all sorts, and shapes, and sizes wage
 Now counter—now co-ordinate appeal
 To man's distracted homage—Come! reveal
 Those countless Deities to human sight
 In which that mighty nation took delight—
- 700 Lo! from the thundering Jove, with bearded face,
 What images deform—what acts disgrace
 The helpless, senseless, odious, fictioned crew
 To whom some hideous form or vice was due.
 A vile culluvies formed of known and strange,
 Swept and adopted from the world's wide range;
 Till worthy of such gods the nation proved;
 And did themselves what those they worshipped loved:
 To superstition, brutal vice resigned,
 They fill'd their measure, and disgraced their kind;
- 710 When torn within by internecine hands,
 And all around assailed by foreign bands,
 The Iron Ruler of the World gave way,
 Hurl'd from her crumbling pedestal of clay,
 Whose shattered fragments, still upheld, remain,
 Till ground to dust they ne'er shall rise again.

DEATH OF CICERO.

For vain alas! her few last patriots strive,
 With hand and voice, to keep her frame alive:

Ambition soars, and faction wide extends,
 Till public good in private interest ends ;
 720 Each powerful chief suspends his aims, alone
 Till his fell hate in vengeance can be shown ;
 And when, by mutual aid, this lust is fed
 On each devoted and surrendered head—
 When He, her last defender was betrayed :
 His hand—so oft extended in her aid—
 From off his quivering trunk lay, hacked and torn,
 By fiend-like malice, on the earth forlorn ;
 And his inspiring and persuasive tongue—
 On which the senate and the nation hung
 730 With wonder, ecstacy, and fond delight—
 Foredoomed and sacrificed to that fell-spite—
 Rolled on the earth in his excised head,
 Then, Rome ! indeed thy liberty was fled :
 A victim thence to autocratic power,
 And hastening on to meet a darker hour,
 When, with some intervening gleams, she fell,
 In slavery and infamy's protracted spell.

SECTION V. MODERN ITALY.

SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.

OF all thine efforts made in after time
 By none surpassed are those in that blest clime ;
 740 Delighted most the pencil there to hold,
 Or bid the marble all thy powers unfold,
 Whate'er Da Vinci's Master-science taught ;
 Or urged by Angelo's exalted thought,

By youthful Sanzio's genius, all divine,
 Or sweet Correggio—every charm was thine !
 Thou to the canvass did'st, by force of art,
 Life, nature, grace, and dignity impart ;
 Or from Canova's chaste and classic mind
 Directed was the stroke ; till, well-defined,
 750 To speak and act the statue seems inclined !

Whatever lands soo'er on this wide earth
 Gives life to art, or claims for genius birth ;
 Imperfect, incomplete, they seem to want
 A nourishment that she alone can grant,
 Ere they can freely walk in scenes of light,
 Or unimpeded take their lofty flight.

Hither they wend, by fame's bright rumour fired,
 And here each mighty genius seems inspired.
 What'e'r propension each fond suitor feels,
 760 A kindred style some master here reveals ;
 For each defect correction here is found,
 And rich supplies for each default abound—
 Till, with his views both chastened and refined,
 The student here matures his fruitful mind.

'Twas thus Velasquez from Iberia came,
 And hither Rubens sped for future fame ;
 Here Claude perfection in his art attained—
 His golden hues and sunny lights were gained.
 Our Reynolds here, and here our Wilson dwelt,
 770 To realize the works and scenes they felt ;
 And here our Chantrey—here our Gibson too
 The inspirations of their labours drew.

MUSIC.

Here too I see those pliant joints of thine
To tuneful numbers moved by art divine :
O'er the charmed keys thy slender fingers stray,
Or down the harp-strings chase their rapid way ;
Now swiftly darting with the resined bow,
Now o'er the sweet-toned flute move to and fro.

O ! how shall I describe each varied sound,
780 And keen emotions, instant that rebound.
From every touch the echoing chords sustain,
To vibrate on our sentient nerves again,
As Palestrina bids the organ raise
With human voice consentient notes of praise ;
Or mighty Handel, versed in all the art
The nations of the earth could then impart,
With counterpoint from famed Corelli gained,
And maze-like fugue from elder Bach attained ;
And richest harmony from Purcell's lore,
790 Transfused and blended with his own vast store ;
Bids thee awake the noblest strains that flow
To charm the powers on high, or men below,
Till famed Scarlatti swore that dæmon skill,
Or the young Saxon's moved the chords at will.

And second, only to this veteran sire,
The youthful Mozart kindled at his fire ;
Then brightly glowed with every radiant note
To move the mind and heart, as the rapt chords he
smote.

Or unsurpassed in feeling, power, and art

800 Beethoven bids thee to the keys impart
The vast creations of exhaustless mind,
Where nature's sweetest melodies we find;
And where rich fancy loved to sport and play,
Yet chased not thence sublimer thoughts away.

Alas! both early, self-consumed, expire,
To join above a more transcendent quire;
For whose blest harmony of love and praise
They left a prelude of incipient lays.

Nor pass we by those lofty swelling sounds
810 With which each carved and vaulted roof rebounds—
Chants of Gregorian name, though wafted o'er
From orient lands to old Italia's shore:—
Yes all we know and love its course hath run
From the bright rising to the setting sun.

Nor fail we here those touching strains to name —
Those simple melodies which nations claim,
Distinctive in their airs; expressive found
Of cherished thoughts and scenes, whenc'er they
That when long-parted, far away removed [sound,
820 From all our earlier objects most beloved,
Wake up the sleeping currents of the heart,
And bid the tears of old affections start.
Where'er abroad—how long soe'er we roam
They bring us back to country and to home:
And in these airs the germs and themes we find
Of thy most skilful strains to charm the listening mind.

MORAL.

Here then at length we'll take our wished-for rest,

And seek contentment in a land so blest,
 Where modern glories with the ancient vie
 830 In art and science, 'neath her genial sky;
 And sacred truth, imparted to the soul,
 Must needs direct, and all thy works controul;
 For truth infallible and power divine
 She bids the world acknowledge at her shrine,
 And God's vicegerent own in her Pontific line. }

RELIGION.

In all her fanes she opes the portals wide;
 And naught obstructs the entrance of the tide
 Of human beings, rushing to embrace
 The signs and messages of heavenly grace.
 840 Frequent the rites and services are wrought;
 Nor are the rich with proud distinction fraught;
 But all promiscuous meet—together bend
 In adoration—forth together wend.
 O! lovely sight! where all alike can share
 The benediction, teaching, and in prayer.
 Here then, I say, we needs expect to find
 The summum bonum for the human kind.
 In all without perfection is avowed;
 And is it not to all within allowed?
 850 Unfeign'd piety must sure be here,
 And purity itself all bright and clear;
 Rulers their fond paternal love display,
 And grateful subjects cheerfully obey;
 Well cultivated plain and hill and dale
 Of industry relate a fruitful tale;

Unwearied charity delight to bless
And happiness its seat on earth confess.

THE PAPACY.

Delusive system ! not less false and base,
Than such as erst in Greece and Rome had place ;
860 Though better in the name, and end professed—
A solid ground, with heaps of fraud oppressed.

While God and Truth, in form and name are owned,
Here both are, in effect and deed, dethroned :
His glorious attributes usurped and swayed,
That cursed ambition may be all obeyed ;
Without restraint insatiate avarice rage ;
Unbridled lust in every sink engage.

And here lest truth—retained in tongues long
dead—

Should claim her rights o'er man, by man if read,
870 Consigned to dusty shelves she buried lies,
And feigned tradition all her place supplies ;
Or lying legends—framed for pelf and power—
Cheats superstition to her dying hour ;
While reason, here deprived of wholesome food,
Rejects the trash ; and, tasting nothing good,
Snatches the poisoned berries, round her strown
By sceptic hands, or unbeliever sown :
Then doubting, disbelieving, reckless made,
Plunges in crime and guilt of every grade,
880 'Till superstition claims again her prey,
And venal priestcraft pardons all for pay :
Her victim sends where pardons are reversed,

And all such traffickings are held accurst.

All things in nature good—from earth or heaven—

In this vile sink contract pernicious leaven,

Corrupting first by unperceived degrees,

Then quickly spreads throughout the dire disease ;

Infects the soul and body of our race ;

And e'en in air and earth maintains its place.

890 The noble artist—helped by fancy's vein—

The Great Invisible is taught to feign ;

And less than Jove—whose hand the lightning

hurled—

Appears the Ruler of the Christian world !

The Pope himself in all his panoply

Would seem a greater potentate to be ;

As though the degradation of the one

Were meant to lift the other to the throne !

So graven images and wafer-bread

Take the Redeemer's blessed body's stead !

900 And say ! what Queens of Heaven adored of old,

In Syrian and Phenician rites enrolled,

Could with the fair Madonnas here compete,

That stand for worship, fixed in every street ?

Those queens, indeed, were shortened at the breast ;

But these extend with long and flowing vest,

And tasteful slippers well embroidered o'er—

O ! who could fail such trimmings to adore ?

Yon petticoats, bedizened all so fine,

Must certes be the vests of powers divine !

110 Nor does this vast idolatry suffice ;

But still the court is racked for new device

To canonize fresh saints, for worship made,
To represent at full the heathen trade.
And failing these, the votary takes small harm ;
For amulets are always prompt to charm.
E'en Hesiod's catalogue, and Homer's verse
Did ne'er such various deities rehearse ;
While negro-magic here is far o'erdone,
And the rude Indian's fond belief outrun !

- 920 And lest the constant parallel should fail,
Antiquity no meretricious tale
Of demigod and mortal e'er could tell,
But what the limner here would paint it well
Of holy monk, or nun intensely pure—
Constrained some sore temptation to endure,
Which, passing harmless from the favoured saint,
The curious looker-on alone might taint.
And thus throughout her galleries and domes,
Her public palaces and private homes—
930 'There stands a "fine Assumption" to the view ;
Beside it raves a Bacchanalian crew ;
There, bathed in sweat and gore, the Saviour prays ;
And near, St. Anthony is made to gaze
On the nude charms which Satan brings, to try
The self-denying Hermit's chastity.

- All subjects here in such confusion rise,
With strongest contrasts for the wondering eyes :
Saint, martyr, Magdalen dissolved in tears,
With wanton nymph and satyr close appears !
940 The vulgar coarseness of the Belgian Boor,
Or gross Dutch Beldame at the tavern door

Are here,—with more refined and dangerous art,
 Exceeded, to corrupt the eye and heart ;
 Their author's seeming, in those works of thine,
 At times all brutal ; and, by turns, divine.

What noble artist sullied not his fame,
 By kindling, with the best, the basest flame ?—
 E'en from Caracci's hand the vile Lascivii came ! }

Yet saintly Cardinal and holy Pope
 950 Refused them not this more than ample scope ;
 But Lateran chambers vied with monkish cell
 In prurient scenes, that pleased the mind too well :
 And lo ! the Eunuch from the sacred quire
 Exalts his caponed voice to feed the same desire !

O God ! how long shall this presumptuous power
 Usurp thine Attributes ; and thus devour
 The flock for which thou wert content to bleed,
 And badest thy shepherds tenderly to feed ?
 Deprive them of their daily vital food
 960 Bequeathed them in thy precious word and blood ;
 With tyrant-jealousy suppress the ray
 Of light and knowledge bursting into day ;
 With more than Gentile rigor domineer
 O'er those whom thou didst humbly serve when here ;
 Engender wars, seditions, tumults, strife
 In Christian nations and domestic life ;
 Pretending power and sanction from above
 From thee, the Prince of Peace, and God of Love !!!

How long shall castrate rulers abject bend,
 70 Emasculated nations meanly lend
 Their wealth and arms this system to sustain

To their own ruin, and the world's wide bane ?
 How long ? how long ? till wasted, spent, and torn,
 They writhe with anguish, and, despairing, mourn
 Their wretched state : their fields, half cultured, laid
 Exposed to foreign arms, or inland raid ;
 Disease, and poverty, and vice that blend
 To one unhappy lot, and one disastrous end !
 Till all the righteous blood profusely shed
 980 For vengeance cries on their oppressor's head.
 Then shall the galling bonds, though well secured,
 And yerking thralldom, far too long endured,
 With loathing, indignation, and disdain,
 Be flung from off their necks, nor e'er be laid again !
 Thus art thou wont by conquest first to raise—
 Acquired by deeds of blood—thy country's praise :
 To fame and victory wealth and ease succeed,
 And luxury then begins to feel thy need :
 The sword and lance, disused, aside are thrown,
 990 And arts and commerce claim thee all her own.
 Enriched by plunder, or increased by trade,
 The magnates now demand thy skilful aid ;
 And when, in turn, thy country falls a prey, .
 Content art thou to take the victor's pay ;
 First rearing trophies of her glorious state,
 And then compelled her bondage to relate !

SECTION VI. BRITAIN.

ASSYRIA, Babylon were thus subdued, [sued ;
 And Persia next ; then Greece and Rome en-
 Shall Britain too a new succession lead

1000 Of falling nations? is it thus decreed?
The signs of decadence and swift decay
Her manners show, her principles betray;
Luxurious, profligate, with native crime,
And vice exotic, brought from every clime.
Once simple, honest, homely, plain, sincere—
Her altered sons no longer such appear;
By opulence corrupted, as refined,
Pleasure and wealth too much absorb the mind:
To these her favourite Gods she fondly pays
The tribute of esteem, the meed of praise.

For this throughout her Empire's wide domain
I see her children taught each nerve to strain:
Great are the works—to high perfection brought—
Which thou hast here, with art and labour, wrought;
And others still, throughout the busy land,
Are yet for gain designed—for luxury planned.
For this thine exploits fill the noisy docks;
'The buoyant ship is framed upon the stocks;
And when prepared—observant of the tides—
, From off the slips she smoothly, swiftly slides;
And, plunging in the deep, majestically glides.
Freighted by thee, equipped and armed, she sails,
And bears thy labours, fanned by favouring gales,
From every harbour, every channel here,
To every coast and port, or far or near:
By thee reladen, lo! the voyagers burn
With foreign traffic instant to return.

For this the splendid palace now is reared,
Where smaller, homelier dwellings once appeared;
o O'er the swift stream the stately bridges bent,

Span the blue waters in their wide extent ;
 For this the broad and deep canal designed,
 Pervades the plain : the level railways wind,
 Whose laden carriages are seen to throng,
 And roll, with rapid wheels, the roads along :
 Produce is borne ; and by electric-aid,
 Swift as the light, intelligence conveyed :
 Commerce and intercourse, by all desired,
 Are thus maintained, and constantly acquired.

1040 For this the ardent factor has recourse
 To mighty engines, steam's resistless force :
 For this the loom thy restless fingers ply,
 While complicate machines are humming nigh,
 Where the pleased mind the curious texture views
 Which emulate the rainbow's varied hues.

AGRICULTURE.

Again, I see thee exercised, with toil,
 In pristine-culture of thy native soil—
 O blest employ ! by God's own voice approved—
 By Him assigned—from crowded scenes removed—
 1050 From bodies congregate, where air impure,
 And fouler deeds our senses must endure ;
 Where all infecting vices quickly spread,
 Like leavened morsels through the mass of bread :
 Where anarchy is rife, rebellion sown,
 Disorder reigns, disease and anguish groan.
 And blest in this the labours of the field—
 To man's necessities they love to yield
 Their plenteous store : for nature has denied

Immediate grants to luxury and pride :

1060 By art converted from their pristine state

Her fruits must first some transmutation wait.

Thou endless source of virtue, wealth, and peace !

Long mayst thou flourish here, and here increase !

The root from which all other interests rise ;

The base on which each several kind relies ;

The only sure support on which they all

In adverse hours can safe recline and fall.

The nation's greatest strength ; the sovereign's stay :

Religion's handmaid ; health's accustomed way :

070 The first employment of our race and kind,

And that to which our nature's most inclined :

Which kings, dictators, consuls, famed of yore,

Have loved and practised till their days were o'er—

While following thee, man views his kindred earth,

Which yields him rest, and gave him first his birth :

And looking from its green-sward up on high,

His blest abode, beyond the azure sky—

His mortal and his immortality !

While all around the trees with verdure spring,

080 And joyful birds their grateful carols sing,

And useful kine their varied forms display,

And lambs to innocence their tribute pay ;

Where naught obstructs the sanatory breeze,

Or solar ray which gladdens all one sees :

While shrubs, and flowers, and fruitful blossoms bear

Their fragrant breath to scent the ambient air.

With heaven-sent joys attempering earthly cares,

And contemplation with the world's affairs—

For cares and trials this pursuit attend
 1090 From the seed-casting to the harvest's end ;
 And on its prosperous, or disastrous fate
 The nation, for support, must ever anxious wait !
 Then say ! what statesman, who thy value knows,
 Or senator, who fears his country's woes,
 Would dare discourage—nay, would beat thee low,
 By some intemperate, or untimely blow ;
 With contumelious, or derisive scorn
 Thy plaints receive, or leave thee all forlorn,
 To grief, and ruin, and despair a prey,
 1100 And thus thy long-proved worth, and loyalty repay ?
 Ah different scene ! the husbandman beside,
 By thee the lands for secret ores are tried ;
 And when, at length, the long sought vein is found,
 With pain and toil extracted from the ground,
 To various uses tempered and annealed,
 What blest !—what hurtful wares thy labours yield !

THE PRESS.

Of all the marvellous works by thee pursued,
 For wide extent, or vast importance viewed ;
 For ingenuity or beauty rare ;
 1110 Not one can with the Lettered Art compare.
 By this—enhanced since first the Press was given—
 Religion was conveyed to man from heaven ;
 Prophets, Evangelists by this exprest
 What God pronounced, or silently address }
 In hallowed inspirations of the breast.
 By this conserved—by this the sacred word

Was multiplied and spread, as first conferred ;
 By this shall still increase, through him who gave,
 To enlighten and reform, to heal and save ;
 1120 Till o'er a fallen world, from end to end,
 In every tongue, his noblest gift we send.

By this the Sciences and Arts, made known,
 Are still securely held when once our own :
 Knowledge by this, of every kind, extends
 From place to place—from sire to son descends ;
 By this the intercourse of all mankind
 Spreads o'er the earth with speed, and unconfined ;
 Life's dear and social converse we maintain,
 When distance parts, and soothes the absent's pain.

130 Behold !—this intellectual aid denied—
 How nearly man appears to brutes allied ?
 When blest with this, behold his nature rise,
 And prove his origin above the skies !

Well might the rude untutored Indian pause,
 And wonder at the strange and hidden cause
 Of that intelligence he found betrayed
 Within the letter which his hands conveyed ;
 Till, not inceptly, he at length supposed
 The packet held some Deity enclosed.

MORAL.

40 Then labour still !—I stop thee not—proceed !
 'Twas thus designed—'twas thus by heaven de-
 creed—
 Labour thou must, and all thy works we need.
 Thine operations I would not destroy,

- Nor e'er contract, but give thee full employ ;
Delighted to contrast thy power and skill
With mere brute force—the action of the will
Which nor compiles, arranges, nor connects ;
But only bears and drags as man subjects—
In thee alone we see, with strength combined,
1150 Those emanations of a reasoning mind.
 Though vast designs and costly labours tend,
In human things to some disastrous end ;
'Tis not alone the greatness of the plan—
'Tis not the splendour of the works we scan
That leads to ruin ; but the pride of man,
Whose heart and mind unstable both, and light,
Are raised and swelled by every vain delight.
 'Tis here her safety, or destruction lies—
On this depend thy country's destinies—
1160 As wealth and knowledge fill their pompous train
With virtue, piety ; or seek to reign
With immortality, or impious sway,
So shall she nobly rise, or swift decay.
If true religion, moral worth expand
As riches, learning spread throughout the land,
Then mayst thou freely execute at will
The works begun, and new designs fulfil.
For God with plenty, all the arts of peace
Delights his faithful people to increase ;
1170 As Israel found in David's latter reign,
And more throughout his son's enriched domain.
Mindful of him, his honor, and his laws,
He brought them riches and the world's applause ;

His Holy House unrivalled splendour showed ;
Unrivalled splendor graced his blest abode—
“ Joy of the earth,” adorned with regal state,
And “ perfect beauty,” Zion, queen-like sate :
Thither from far admiring people came
And found the scene surpass its wide-spread fame.

180 O ! such an edifice no human eye
Had e'er beheld, nor hence shall e'er descry,
As thou didst there, on Judah's sacred hill,
With all thy labours frame, with all thy skill
Enrich and beautify—for mortal sight
Almost too fair, too excellent and bright !
Raised and adorned with auspices divine,
It mocked all human efforts and design.

In favor thus erected, lo ! the day
Of fierce displeasure came, and swept away
190 The glorious fabric, leaving naught behind,
Save the sweet image stamp'd upon the mind ;
So firmly, so indelibly imprest—
So dear the fond remembrance to the breast
Of Israel's exiled and afflicted race,
That, when released, they sought their native place,
With humbled souls and grateful hearts, to raise
Another house to their Deliverer's praise ;
O'er the vast site, with mournful looks, they strayed,
While the foundations were around them laid ;
200 And, as they pondered o'er the altered scene,
Her ancients wept to think of what had been !
The mightiest city, girt with loftiest walls,
Shook by his wrath, a heap of ruins falls ;

So fruitful lands, in streams and culture blest,
With parched and barren wastes that wrath attest.

And thou who now dost "Queen of Nations" shine—
Illustrious Britain ! shall this lot be thine ?
In former states thy hopes and fears survey !
Beware thyself ! beware the fatal day !

1210 Land of the brave and rich, the great and wise !
Of boundless energy and high emprise !
Land of the fair, the noble, and the free !
These counsels now are much required by thee.

In all thy plans and works for wealth and fame,
Be mindful of the end, and God's great name !—
'That every child of man employed therein
Is of one flesh and blood—thy kith and kin ;
'The common children of one common sire,
Which origin soever we inquire ;

1220 Whether the mortal—all from Adam sprung ;
And God's own spirit breathes from every lung.
And, as thyself, that common parent's care,
Designed with thee his blessings here to share ;
And when your mutual aids on earth are o'er
In realms of love to dwell for evermore.

Then urge them not with tasks of grievous weight,
Nor let thine hours prolonged their strength abate ;
But let the signal of the setting sun
In wintry days proclaim their work is done ;

1230 And some bright portion of the summer's eve,
To their few joys and needful pastimes leave,
That when their nightly prayer ascends on high
Their voice may bless thy sweet humanity.

Nor fail to raise, where'er your Mills arise,
Or lofty Factories salute the skies,
The House of Learning and the House of Prayer,
Where all in turn, and season may repair.
The infant mind to truth and virtue bend;
And youthful hearts from vice and sin defend;
1240 Well trained, and well instructed, they will be
A trusty and propitious race to thee.

No more their aching hearts and longing eyes
Within stone walls and piles of bricks comprise;
But spread the greensward to their grateful sight—
In every stage of life man's fond delight,
Since first the infant plucks the daisy there
Till 'neath its sod he'd fain his rest prepare.

And in the ample Park let trees invite
To shady walks when Summer gleams too bright;
250 And denser shrubs induce the birds of song
Their evening-hymns and matins to prolong;
And flowers of various hues bedeck the ground,
To cast their redolence of sweets around:
And let the limpid water greet the eye—
Fair mirror of the earth, the trees, and sky!

Attend their dwellings; let the genial air—
God's common gift—obtain an entrance there;
Expel the damp that darkens wall and floor;
Nor let the fœtid heaps besiege the door:
60 The culvert sink; and let the flowing tide
Of cleansing water freely, purely glide
Throughout its whole extent; and far away
The disappointed pestilence convey:

Distinct and ample rooms for all provide,
That health and decency may there abide ;
Nor longer let the putrid corpse disgrace—
Nor human bones exhumed—God's dwelling place ;
By superstitious reverence there first laid,
And then the shameful source of Avarice made.
1270 Till those blest Fanes which men to life invite,
And immortality present to light ;
Might rather seem for charnel rites designed,
Conveying plague and death to all mankind.

And scarce less odious—on the walls we raise
To sound our Maker's and Redeemer's praise,
The gaudy tablet meets the painful eye
With tales of human pride and vanity ;
And oft the mind disgusted turns away
From the vile falsehoods these records convey.
1280 But here let truth and justice gladly yield
The meed of praise for one wide glorious field,
In which this nation long distinguished shines,
With treasures greater than her ample mines.

Throughout the land no towns or cities rise
Of ancient note, or swelled to modern size,
But there some noble costly building rears
Its wide-spread walls ; and there serenely peers,
Inviting to its healing wards and care,
Abundant nourishment and wholesome air
1290 The suffering objects of disease and pain,
The hopeless poor, the helpless, and insane.

Yes ! let them feel of God's wide gifts the worth—
His ample gifts for all who dwell on earth—

Which lessen not by few or many shared,
 Nor are—enjoyed how oft so e'er—impaired.
 Though millions on that azure sky may gaze,
 Fresh millions still their harmless eyes may raise ;
 The balmy air which fans the poor man's cheek,
 Thereby no taint receives, nor waxes weak ;
 1300 Nor do the expanding rays of gladdening light
 To shine on him become less pure or bright.

Yes ! let them visit and behold the earth
 Which claims their kindred dust, and gave them
 birth ;

And freely let them view the glorious sky,
 And see beyond their immortality ;
 In God's rich gifts, from grace and nature, find
 A portion of his love for all mankind.

And ye, O great Proprietors of Art !
 A share of your enjoyments too impart,
 1310 Enriching him whoe'er the boon receives,
 Yet robs not him who this permission gives.
 Such acts of grace and confidence of love
 Must needs at length the harshest natures move,
 Their manners soften, and their tastes refine,
 Till vice retreat, and brute pursuits decline,
 And every class, of every grade appear
 Contending in its own peculiar sphere,
 How each shall best his proper aim fulfil,—
 To serve the public good, and do his Maker's will.
 20 And when their labours cease—their strength is
 spent ;

On all around they'll look with sweet content,

Complacent with the past and present too,
 And calm, in settled faith and hope, to view
 The end of all thy careful toils below,
 Thou ceaseless instrument of weal and woe!

L'ENVOY.

ENOUGH, fair instrument, has now been told
 To show thy skilfulness, thy might unfold.
 Unnumbered works I leave untouched behind,
 And nations pass—to future lays resigned.
 1330 Nor does the subject hence my muse require
 To feed the—now expleted—fond desire
 Which moved the mind in former days to hear
 Of curious arts and marvels, far or near—
 For present to the eye they all of late appear. }

THE EXHIBITION.

Within that pile—the world's new wonder—planned
 By self-taught genius of our native land:
 Of novel form, and strange material framed—
 Like the design to be for ever famed—
 By native energy, and native skill
 1340 It rose obedient to the master-will,
 To realize the tales that fancy told,
 Which charmed our youth with fairy scenes of old.

Go there! and view the gifts which God bestows
 And how his providence those gifts dispose,
 As meet for every climate, want, and place,
 And most propitious to the human race,

Who all may spread their surplus stores around
For those in which their fellow-states abound ;
To industry and commerce thus propelled,
1350 And all to peace and love by interest held.

Whate'er indigenous from nature springs
To each their suitable employment brings ;
And thus from east to west, from pole to pole,
Sustains that portion, and subserves the whole.

Here, then, let all their fruitful lessons take,
And bid each rival energy awake ;
In peaceful arts alone their contests raise,
To bless their kind, and spread their Maker's praise.

Methinks I see the coming age foretold,
;60 When all on earth shall such communion hold ;
But ere that wished-for æra can be near,
Their evil passions hence must disappear—
Ambition, envy, avarice, hatred, strife,
Must cease from nations, as from private life ;
By pure religion all mankind be led—
God's word their law, and Christ their sovereign head.

Till then each separate state must still defend
Her proper rights ; and still with care attend
Her own peculiar interests to maintain,
o Nor cast them to the winds of heaven amain ;
Lest, by ill-timed concessions made to all,
Their common prey—too late perceived—she fall.

ONE closing view of thy wide scope remains—
To thee a moral agency pertains,
Which, as in public, so in private ought
To guide and rule whate'er by thee is wrought.

By thee the human passions are fulfilled—
The perpetrator thou of most that's willed :
The virtues too thine active aid require,
1380 To accomplish every object they desire.

Alas ! alas ! on earth and ocean's plain,
What hosts of mortals thou at times hast slain !
With blood of neighbours, friends, in civil feud ;
And warriors slain in battle, thus imbued !
What blooming infants, aged corpses lie,
Whom thou hast nipt, or hastened on to die—
Impatient Avarice urging to the deed,
Or by Ambition's eager passion feed ;
That old possessors, rising heirs removed,
1390 Wealth may be tasted, crowns and sceptres proved !
What secret calumnies by thee are penned,
To wound a rival, and, perhaps, a friend !
What frauds committed, slanders widely spread,—
By envy, hatred, or by malice led !
What scenes of cruelty thy deeds betray—
The captive chained and exiled from the day ;
The whip, the rack remorselessly applied ;
And, these to shun, the desperate suicide !

With brighter scenes—more welcome—haste !
arise !
1400 And charm the sated thoughts, the wearied eyes.

With soft humanity thine actions grace,
And let us now fair Virtue's handmaid trace !
In God-like deeds behold thee well employed,
And with thy praises fill this latter void.

I see thee, moved by pity, love, extend
The sick to heal, the needy to befriend ;
Smoothing the pillow, raising up the head,
The parched lip, moistening, " making all his bed ;"
Or, urged by charity, I view thee stretch
1410 To feed the hungry, clothe the naked wretch ;
The prisoner ransom, and the houseless poor
From storms and want to place within thy door.

Thus, when on earth, the Son of God displayed
A pattern of the deeds for which thou'rt made—
To bless mankind—from every tongue to raise
The grateful anthem of thy Maker's praise !

For what art thou ? and what thy shame and boast ?
The slave—the accomplice of the mind at most ;
By that propelled, directed, and controlled,
1420 To that pertains the meed of all that's told ;
Yet not to that ; but, borne from cause to cause,
To Him who rules the mind the just applause
We humbly proffer : His the sacred right
Of all thy noblest arts, thy skill, and might !

THE HAND DIVINE,
OR
THE WORKS OF GOD.

THORD of all power and might ! thy works
attest—
What in thy holy word we hear confest—
Wisdom and skill supreme in each de-
sign !

In every act omnipotence divine.
Nor less of goodness do those works display,
When we their purposes and ends survey !
Still more yon heaven and wide expanse of air,
With wonders filled, those attributes declare !
Eternal, Self-existent, Great First Cause
10 Of entity, and life, and nature's laws !
To thee alone the whole creation owed
Their forms and being, by thy hand bestowed !
Conferred on all, that all might thence unite
To serve alike thy glory and delight !
Material some, inanimate likewise ;
While some, with matter, vital powers comprise ;
Some higher raised, in nature's gradual scale,
Their lives transact as instincts most prevail ;
Some nobler still, endued with reasoning mind ;
20 Noblest of all, the immaterial kind !

Yet all alike, to serve thy purpose were,
When first created, perfect—meet and fair.

But who can number? who conceive in thought
The hosts, to which that hand existence brought?
Who, when arranged, in rising orders linkt,
Tell e'en the kinds, or species, thus distinct?
Would'st thou, proud mind! thy limits understand? }
Go! fetch a slender pittance from the sand;— }
Then count the particles that fill thy hand! }

30 Vain is the essay!—yet—admire!—adore!
His worlds, than those small particles, are more!
Nor one of all the many myriads void;
But, filled with creatures, to some end employed!
Our eyes behold a few; to us they seem
A countless host, that ever brightly beam;
But short and faint the progress of our sight,
To search those regions of transplendent light;
Where, from the boundaries of our utmost gaze,
We still should view fresh worlds emit their rays;

40 And from each system, still continuous rise
More distant systems, in some further skies!
Till, as we soared, and onward held our way,
To search the extremes of all that fair array;
Indessinent the quest at length would prove;
Farther the wished-for object to remove;
Boundless the space, with glories unconfined,
The eye would thus, in each direction find!

Then how shall man, with such mean powers en-
dued—

So small a portion of thy creatures viewed—

- 50 The number of thy hosts collect unknown—
 Nor comprehensible by him, if shown ;—
 Then how shall man thy noblest acts, O Lord !
 Thy hands' creative energy record ?
 To show thy praise entire, would e'en confound
 The adoring hosts that now thy throne surround.
 Why didst thou deign, O gracious Power ! to make
 This nether world ? why into favour take
 So small a portion of thy works ?—so far
 Inferior to each bright and glittering star ?
 60 All self-sufficient—blissful both and great—
 Thy greatness infinite—thy bliss complete —
 Naught thou requiredst to heighten, or extend ;
 Increase, or magnify ; preserve, defend !
 Then why, we humbly ask, didst thou expand
 The works and wonders of thy mighty hand ?
 New worlds create, thine endless worlds among—
 Another system in the countless throng ?
 Why on this latter, lower, meaner sphere
 Thy choicest favours shed ?—esteem so dear ?
 70 O this it was ! spontaneous to display
 Fresh beams of glory ; brighter to array
 Thy form of goodness ; in this orb to show—
 What all thy creatures through the heavens should }
 know—
 How far thy love—redeeming love can go !
 How sov'reign justice unimpair'd can shine,
 And holy awe, with mercy's rays benign.

The most that mortal intellect can dare,
Is thy creative wonders to compare
With man's designs—at best defective found ;
80 Finite endcavours—short their utmost bound ;
Frail operations, which performed to day,
Are by to-morrow strewn, and swept away !
For this with reason blest, with speech endued,
With knowledge favoured ; though so small and rude,
Compared with that which angels now possess,
And we ourselves may hence enjoy no less ;
Which to obtain, the strong desires arise
From seeking here to be but timely wise ;
From finding, feeling, in the search to know,
90 How small a progress we can make below ;
How few the subjects we can entertain ;
How many more must all-untouched remain !
How far from perfect we acquire those few,
Which we most fondly, constantly pursue !
Fain would I venture what, by human tongue,
May, of thy mighty hand, on earth be sung.
Imploring first thy Spirit to inspire
The mortal effort with celestial fire ;
The thoughts to raise, conceptions to excite
100 Worthy the theme ; to guide the accents right.
For as to thee each hallowed purpose tends,
From thee alone each goodly gift descends.
While Sprites of darkness instigate the strain,
Which dread impiety and vice maintain ;
Fervour instil, and wit and skill impart,
The mind to poison, to corrupt the heart ;

To fire the passions ; to release the soul
From wisdom's laws, and virtue's safe controul—
Fountain of heat ! do thou thy flame infuse !
110 Father of lights ! illumine each sacred muse !
With loftier genius thy small choir endow !
With nobler wit the righteous cause avow !

The works of human art were last my song—
To thee the praise of all those works belong—
Yet what are they, contrasted with the might
Of thy right hand, in glory, strength, or height ?
Why do those Pyramids arrest the eye ?
Wide are their bases, and their summits high !
Place them below the Himalayan chain !
120 What are they now ? as mole-hills on the plain !
Ye conquering heroes, all your obelisks bring !
Your trophied pillars, statesman, chief, and king !
Place them beneath the Grand Canary's Peak !
Now proud erectors ! let your follies speak !
Boast of the wall that China's soil defends !—
A noble work, and raised for useful ends—
Hush ! trace the barriers, which the hand divine
Raised for Peru—the cloud-girt Andes' line !
Your wide canals, how long, how deep soe'er,
130 Small streams, beside Amazon's flood appear !
While, to the sea, more disproportioned still
The excavated lakes your streamlets fill !
And so with beauty, harmony, and grace ;
Richness and splendour—all the arts embrace—
What can the pride, or lust of man command,

- But imitations of thy forming hand ?
 By thee instructed from some obvious view,
 All his designs, inventions to pursue.
 Toil, toil for ever ! and for ever spin !
 140 Still in the heightened dye plunge deeper in !
 Yet faint the colours of the gorgeous vest ;
 Rude are the figures of the loom exprest ;
 Contrasted with the shrubs and flowers that grow,
 As in the dew and solar rays they glow !
 Feeble the blaze the festal lights supply,
 To that which issues from the noon day sky !
 To nature's brightest smiles, the silver sheen
 Is dull : the burnished gold is dim and mean ;
 When the still lake receives the setting-gleams ;
 150 Or o'er the pebbly soil the rippling streams
 Dance, flash, and sparkle with meridian beams. }
 So brief our time on earth ; and so confined
 The present powers bestowed upon the mind ;
 That mortal life is all too short a span
 For human intellect and art to scan
 The full design ; the utmost use to learn ;
 And more, the perfect structure to discern
 Of only one of all those works, which thou
 Hast here disclosed, before our senses now.
 60 The meanest of the myriads thou hast wrought, }
 Demands, whene'er its properties are sought,
 Years of intense inspection, and of thought ;
 And then confounds, though formed in such brief
 The wisest spirits of the human race ! [space,
 Nay one small member choose, O man, and try !

Dissect yon sightless ball, once called an eye !
Investigate its make, its ends, and power !
'Twill, still unmastered, all thy days devour !
Yet the most complex of the works he made
170 Instant the fiat of his will obeyed ;
Designed, created, and adapted rose
Within a transitory moment's close !
O how unlike—inferior do we find
The proudest efforts of the human mind !
The noblest master-piece of human art
Is comprehended soon in every part ;
Soon in its whole construction fully shown ;
Its purpose is revealed, its use made known.
Elaborate plans and workmanship of years
180 The subject of an hour's regard appears !
And can we hope due praises to express
For all thy glorious works on earth—though less—
Though infinitely less than those above,
When one alone beyond our efforts prove ?
Thy works themselves shall best, as they fulfil,
Each in his course, the pleasure of thy will,
Their great Creator's attributes display :
From age to age record—from day to day.
And thou, my soul ! and all my powers entire !
190 With that illimitable host conspire,
By every act which now, of right, pertains
To this existence, yield unchaunted strains ;
Unuttered hymns of vital worship raise,
To consecrate this faint recorded praise !

Faint as it be, I still presume to trace
 Thy hand of Providence, thy hand of Grace.
 To all thy creatures, and to all their ends,
 Thy watchful and directive care extends :
 Made by thy hand, by that conserved, controlled,
 200 Their being, acts, and properties they hold.
 Thus we perceive thy circling globes propelled
 Within the orbits which at first they held ;
 Self balanced, still maintain their poise on high,
 As when suspended in the vacant sky.
 Thy creatures all, through every age, produce
 The self-same species, to the self-same use :
 Each indestructible, and unconfused,
 Save a small few, by impious arts abused.
 Urged by that hand, the winds in courses blow ;
 210 Ebb the full tides, and then alternate flow :
 Still at the fall descends the copious rain,
 The earth to loosen, to dissolve the grain :
 Still the soft vernal showers return again. }
 So with the youthful tints of verdant huc,
 That restorative hand does still renew
 Perennial beauty in the smiling face
 Of nature, when deprived of every grace.
 The enfeebled sun his strength and heat resumes,
 With brighter rays the summer's form illumines,
 220 With warmer beams the ruddy fruit matures ;
 And still the autumn's pictured vest endures.
 Upward to thee thy vital creatures bend
 Their watchful eyes : on thee for food depend.
 Still does that hand continue widely spread :

Still on these creatures all profusely shed
 Its bounteous store—each gift in season sent—
 Ah! did we know how timely, kindly meant—
 Patience would bloom, and flourish sweet content. }

O why should man thy providence upbraid?
 230 Distrust the power by which he first was made?
 So complicate and beauteous all his frame!
 Thy forming hands his utmost wonder claim!
 Whilst no less fearful seems this work of thine;
 The structure all so delicately fine,
 That every puncture, every stroke and breath
 May bring disease, decrepitude, and death;
 But yet unhurt from day to day proceeds,
 Shielded from ills, supplied with all it needs!
 So tender, watchful is that guardian care,
 240 And so minute, that not one single hair
 Unnumbered grows, or unpermitted lies
 Exposed to harm: no tear that fills the eyes
 Is unobserved; without compassion viewed:
 No step, but by his watchful glance pursued!
 No sparrow perishes for lack of grain;
 Falls in the snare; is unpermitted slain!

Here, man except, with all thy creatures cease
 Thy bounteous deeds; for him they still increase.
 Made for his service, for his use designed,
 250 With his redemption, they their end shall find;
 This beauteous frame of nature shall entire,
 With all that it contains, but him, expire,—
 Seized with avenging and devouring fire! }

Perhaps to purge its every present stain,
And re-create a fairer world again !
He—he alone the conflagrating flame
Escapes, to add fresh praises to thy name.

- Subservient to thy final work of grace,
Creation, providence alike had place :
- 260 In all events to man, this truth is shown ;
In nature's aspect, and her course made known.
In every act thine hand, (whate'er besides)
The consummation of that work provides :
To bring thy favored race to endless joy,
To endless glory, still its chief employ ;
Discomfiture and shame on every foe ;
And—unreduced—perpetual pain and woe !
For this successive nations rise to power ;
Invade and waste ; and harass and devour :
- 270 Thy views accomplished ; fall in turn a prey ;
Swept by some fresh avenging hosts away.
For this we're taught in outward things to find
Morals and emblems suited to the mind.
In night's primæval cold and darkness, we
Our ignorance, and sins' dread horror see :
The beauteous smiles, and cheerful warmth of day,
Joy, knowledge, comfort from above pourtray ;
The pristine void, and foul chaotic waste
Express the sinful heart, confused, ungraced ;
- 280 But when in order set, with creatures stored,
Decked, and adorned ; the world's bright scenes afford
A prospect of that ruined heart renewed,
And with each fair and fruitful work endued.

So in our tasks and labours here below ;
 From thee the means ; from thee success must flow ;
 Thou the first good, and thou the last bestow. }
 Yet we for food, for raiment still must toil ;
 And wait thy blessing on the cultured soil.
 Analogous—we find thy Spirit shed
 290 The vital seed of immaterial bread, }
 By which the soul, all destitute, is fed ;
 Whilst we ourselves, depending on the dews
 And beams of grace, must ever grateful, use
 The heavenly boon ; with pains and care attend ;
 Its progress watch ; by every aid defend,
 Support, and cherish : till (the grain matured)
 Falls the full shock—by thee for e'er secured ;
 In this subservience, oft we see the course
 Of things suspended, by thy ruling force ;
 300 Diverted oft ; to different ends employed ;
 Changed in their nature ; or entire, destroyed.
 Thy counsels thus prospectively ordained,
 The earth was cursed ; man at thy bar arraigned,
 Convicted, sentenced ; and from death reprieved,
 By virtue of the promised seed believed.
 The world—to make thine awful justice known ;
 For dread example—was in wrath o'erthrown !
 Again—to make thy saving grace adored—
 To the small remnant, still preserved, restored !
 310 For this the current of the deep revealed
 Its liquid waters severed and congealed !
 Which, to receive thy chosen race, arose ;
 And, as they went, to guard their passage, froze !

- Lo! the same flood—its foreign nature lent
Thus to fulfil thy gracious first intent—
Awhile remained with still, ensnaring wave,
Expected by the foe no more to rave—
Till every horseman, every steed between,
And every chariot, there engulfed was seen :
320 Then (all dissolved,) with secret fury burst ;
Dashed to destruction Egypt's host accurst !
Continuous still ; the stony rocks, when smit,
O'er the parched desert cooling streams emit :
The barren sands around thy people lie
Strewed with the fowls, and manna from the sky :
Before their march the proud embattled wall
Trembles untouched,—constrained, untouched, to fall.
Ministrant to the same prevailing cause,
Attraction we behold suspend its laws ;
330 The gravitating orbs, arrested, shine
With light prolonged, to aid this work of thine !
What signal deeds that lifted hand has wrought !
What aid despaired of ; what deliverance brought !
Lest the proud foe should look exulting on,
Taunting thy race—their strength and glory gone !
Thy fallen dwelling, and their humbled head,
Low in the dust, with scorn and insult tread !
Again is oft the sad reversal viewed ;
And where the thousands were by one pursued,
340 When guilty fears unbraced the nerves, we see !
A thousand from a single foe to flee !
But O! what glorious acts, what deeds benign,
Can we compare with those which later shine ?

When thou didst quit thy glorious realms above,
To show the very presence of thy love ;
To publish with thine own celestial tongue,
What Heralds, and what Angels erst had sung ;
Leaving for earth the mansions of the skies,
To bear our humbled state, our meanest guise ;
350 Deeply to suffer ; basely here to die ;
To finish, and to seal our destiny ?
The dead, to life restored, thy hand confest ;
From darkness freed, the blind beheld, and blest !
Loosed by thy potent touch, or vital word,
Lo ! the dumb uttered what the deaf first heard !
The lame erectly walked ; the halt, restored ;
The leper cleansed ; thy gracious power adored !
By the same hand the pining hosts were fed
With earthly food, and living streams and bread
360 Hurl'd from his power usurped, the Prince of Hell,
Swift as the lightning's flash, before thee fell !
Bursting the graves, where sin and death, in vain,
Would hold thee in their bands, for mortals slain ;
With heavenly hosts ascending up on high.
Thy triumph is complete ! thence from the sky, }
O send thy Spirit forth : secure our victory !
Preserve thy Church from age to age entire,
Though round the altar all her foes conspire :
Rome's deep intrigues, and secret plots reveal ;
370 Nor let us more the Papal darkness feel ;
By Papal tyranny be taught to groan ;
Or yield allegiance to a foreign throne :
Lay to the world her fond corruptions bare ;

- Let not her idols here thy glory share !
 Turn from our breast the Jesuit's subtle dart ;
 Nor let the Atheist's arrow reach the heart !
 When too Socinus hurls the hateful spear,
 Then let the bright atoning blood appear ;
 To every eye the healing witness show ;
 380 United let the cleansing water flow :
 These signs confirm, by sending from above
 The Paraclete, to seal thy dying love,
 On earth the first, in heaven the last of three
 Recording witnesses of truth ; to be
 For ever joined, for evermore adored
 With thee, O Father : and with thee, O Lord.
 Heal us within, by selfish factions torn ;
 Nor let us hence such wayward fancies mourn ;
 Let schism unite, and heresies conform ;
 390 Live by one faith and walk by one same norm ;
 In peace and love confer : with one accord
 Strive to fulfil the precepts of thy word.
 By union strengthened, and by converse cheered,
 No outward foe should then, as now, be feared ;
 But through the adverse wave, the hostile fire,
 The world's corruption, rising still the higher,
 Purged of her dross, thy Church would clearer shine,
 Her seat the " Rock," that rock a Faith Divine !
 Once more attend, Lord of all power and might !
 400 Hear me, Essential Goodness, Love, and Light !
 Be thou my Shepherd in this vale below,
 That I may here no wants unheeded know.
 My daily bread provide: with heavenly fare

Sustain my soul : be both thy gracious care ;
Guide me, in this my doubtful, anxious day,
With faithful counsel through life's devious way !
And when to all around thy strength is shown ;
Thy righteousness declared, thy truth made known ;
Lead me through death's dark vale and gloomy shade,
410 To where no dangers reach, no ills invade ;
“ After thy likeness ” bid we wake and rise ;
With satisfied desires, with sated eyes,
Behold thy presence ;—all thy glory see ;
And dwell above, for evermore, with thee !

POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

WHOSOEVER WILL, LET HIM TAKE OF THE WATER
OF LIFE FREELY.—*Rev.* xxii. 17.



UTHOR of Nature ! Source of Heavenly
Grace !

Fountain of Wisdom ! taught by thee, we
trace

A two-fold purpose in thy works below :
A present, and prospective use they show.
All to our wants corporeal service yield ;
All for the Soul contain (though more concealed)
Instructive emblems, by thy light revealed.
Through the pleased senses thus thy lessons find
A readier access to the dull, slow mind :

10 Th'ose inlets once engaged on wisdom's part,
Truth welcome pleads ; by charming, wins the heart.

What illustrations has thy holy word,
Through these similitudes, on man conferred !
What emphasis ! what sweet expression given
To all the counsels and commands of heaven !
Some from the varied scenes of nature gained ;
Some from the elements themselves obtained.

Do thou, then, Lord! permit our minds to see
 What living water comes, and how, from thee :
 20 What is its nature, purpose, use, and good?—
 Spirit of Life! 'tis thou art understood!
 Thy gifts and graces in this type are shown;
 And thou must make the due resemblance known.

Water removes the transient outward stains,
 Which the soiled skin from daily contact gains;
 Chases from thence unseemly spots away,
 And leaves it clear and comely as the day.
 So does the Spirit cleanse the soul within
 From all the dark pollutions stamped by sin:
 30 Hence from the Saviour's side the type was shed,—
 The crystal stream in confluence with the red.
 Lo! by his holy word the effect is wrought,
 Which purifies each inmost wish and thought;
 Though to the last some blots are still retained;
 For ne'er on earth is full perfection gained:
 Unblemished lustre we, alas! must wait
 Till our presentment in a better state.

Water, again, our feverish thirst allays;
 Cools the parched lips; nor thus in vain essays
 40 The panting heart to still; when faint, to cheer;
 Till freedom, strength, and sweet delight appear.
 So does our heated lusts thine influence tame;
 So quench our eager passion's raging flame:

²¹ John vii. 39.

²⁹ John xiii. 5; Heb. x. 22.

³¹ 1 John v. 6; John xix. 34.

³³ Eph. v. 28.

³⁴ John xiii. 10.

³⁷ Heb. xii. 23.

- So do thy gracious tokens from above
 Of pardon, favour, and of endless love,
 Through various channels to the soul conveyed
 —The word—each ordinance the conduits made—
 Our ardent wishes, fond desires fulfil,
 If but accordant with thy holy will ;
 50 'Till—thus relieved and satisfied—the breast
 With peace, content, and joy is all-possess.
 Water—a third comparison to show—
 Its moisture causes all things round to grow ;
 Each limb pervades ; the vital sap supplies
 Whence shoots and blossoms, leaves and fruit arise.
 Thus does the Church thine incremental power,
 Attest for ever, from her natal hour :
 At first “ the smallest seed ; ” till, with thy dew
 And irrigating streams, she quickly grew :
 60 O'er the wide earth her sheltering branches cast ;
 And, still extending, shall for ever last.
 Through all her members still continue spread
 The life and nurture of their fœderal head ;
 Distributed to each in various mode,
 In various measure, too, on each bestowed ;
 Their different wants ; their different states to meet ;
 To render all thy gracious ends complete ;
 Our increase ever with thy praise to suit,—
 The vine's true glory resting on her fruit.
 70 Once more—we see that water holds its course

⁶⁰ Matth. xiii. 32.

⁶⁵ Rom. xii. 6.

⁶³ Eph. iv. 16.

⁷⁰ John xv. 8.

Unbroken—undivided from its source :
 How low soe'er it falls, for various ends,
 To the same height, it still again ascends.
 So “ of His fulness we have all received ;”
 Whilst he remains unsevered, unbereaved :
 His grace descending, fills our hearts with love,
 Which bursting forth, returns to him above.

THE ASCENSION.—From *Acts* i.

WE saw him mount, we saw him rise !
 He left us all amazed below ;
 We saw him reach the vaulted skies,
 And upward still ascending, go ;
 Till, soaring to the boundless height,
 The vision mocked our aching sight.

We saw the heavenly host descend
 In countless myriads, widely spread ;
 We saw them all in reverence bend,
 10 The Lord ascending at their head—
 O ! 'twas a glorious sight to see
 Their numbers and their majesty.

Like dazzling suns their faces beamed ;
 Their limbs the polished brass outshone ;
 White as the light their raiment gleamed,

⁷⁵ John i. 16.

¹⁴ Dan. x. 6.

¹³ Rev. x. 1.

¹⁵ Matth. xvii. 2.

Around their shoulders loosely thrown ;
 And as they went in troops on high,
 They seemed like glittering clouds to fly.

'Twas such as Daniel saw of old—
 20 Our holy prophet far renowned—
 When he, with visions blest, foretold
 The Son of Man with glory crowned,—
 The Lord that Son of Man must be !
 And his that train of royalty !

And David earlier still pourtrayed,
 In lofty and prophetic strain,
 The King of glory thus arrayed,
 Ascending to his destined reign :
 That King—that Son of Man accord—
 30 . The Lord of hosts, that mighty Lord !

For he has strength and might displayed
 In battle with our dreaded foes ;
 Sin, Death, and Hell his captives made,
 When, bursting from the grave, he rose,
 His salvatory triumph led
 Through heaven's wide portals, open spread.

We stood and gazed, we stood and gazed ;
 Then worshipped with the heavenly host ;
 With grief, with joy, by turns, amazed—
 40 So dear a Lord and master lost,

²⁵ Daniel vii. 13, 14.

²⁷ Psalm xxiv. 7.

³¹ Psalm xxiv. 8.

³³ Psalm lxxviii. 8

Yet to such power and glory raised--
Our hearts were all with conflicts tost.

While dubious thus, beside us stood
Two of that fair and countless throng ;
Why stand ye so in wistful mood—
They said—and heavenward gaze so long ?
Attended thus by that bright train,
He'll come again, he'll come again !

Yes gracious Lord ! thy words now seem
50 Upon our memory swift to break,
Like recollections of a dream
To the dull sleeper when awake :
Oft didst thou say, conversing here,
That thou must leave this mortal sphere ;

That thou must to those heavens ascend,
For us blest mansions to prepare,
Whither our steps we could not wend
To follow thee at present there ;
But thou again wouldst come ; and we
60 Should then ascend and dwell with thee.

Then let us go, and undismayed
By fear of man, of harm, or loss,
Calmly await the promised aid,
Boldly to preach, and bear his cross ;
That we at last may worthy prove
To share his glory, as his love !

⁵³ John xiv. 1, and following verses.

HEROD'S PERSECUTION OF THE CHURCH, AND THE
RELEASE OF ST. PETER FROM PRISON.From *Acts* xii.

ALAS the Just! our dearest brother lies
A martyred corpse, a holy sacrifice;
And Simon's zeal hath roused the tyrant's rage.—
What shall these deeds of ruthless hate assuage?
Such were the mournful sounds that quickly spread
O'er thee Jerusalem! thy Martyr dead;
Thy boldest Champion in a dungeon laid:
Thy little flock confounded, and dismayed.

Herod! in history's page thy name accurst,
10 Shall stand with theirs who bare and stained it first;
Thy sire, his brother's hands these deeds began;
Straight to the child the dire propension ran;
The Father caused the Infant's gory flood,
The Son increased it with the Baptist's blood:
In thee the force of nature holds its sway,
And thou dost tread their sanguinary way.
One heaven-sent herald bearing peace and joy,
Thy sword hath slain:—wouldst thou one more
destroy?

Tyrant forbear! nor bonds, nor sword shall e'er
20 Their message stop, or check its swift career.

Though dark and gloomy, dreary, damp, and cold,
Those prison-walls, that now thy victim hold,

Think ye with these his holy zeal to chill,
Or daunt his boldness? No! they flourish still.
Unmoved by sense, endued with heavenly fires,
His spirit glows, and all his frame inspires
With genial warmth, and active vigour there
The terrors of a dungeon-gloom to bear.

Those limbs with chains—with twofold chains ye
bind;

30 But where, relentless Tyrant! wilt thou find
Chains for the soul—or fetters for the mind?

On either side his watch the sentry keeps ;
And yet how soundly, calmly, sweetly sleeps
The guarded saint ! unawed, untroubled, see
How free from care—how light that heart must be !
Yon stone beneath his tranquil temple seems
A downy pillow, blest with heavenly dreams :
The rocky floor, on which his side is laid,
Soft as the couch from India's shores conveyed ;

40 Whilst thou art doomed, insatiate Prince, alas !
On Seric silk, of Tyrian dye, to pass
A restless night of passion, care, and guilt,
In horror of the blood thine hands have spilt,—
Restless with thoughts of perpetrations o'er,
Yet restless still to perpetrate the more !
Vain is thy purpose—hark ! those sounds on high,
That pierce incessantly the lofty sky,
His scorned and persecuted sect combine
To raise, and deprecate these deeds of thine.

50 They're heard ! they're heard ! that vaulted cell how
With radiant beams of supernatural light ! [bright

Behold those chains at yon dread Angel's call,
 Like broken threads, from off thy victim fall !
 Aroused and clad, he follows at the side,
 —As one entranced—his fair celestial Guide,
 To him the harbinger of life ; to thee
 The same the messenger of death shall be !

Where are thy guards ? enshrined in deathlike
 sleep—

[keep :

Stretched on the stones ; no more their watch they
 60 Repressed by power divine, absorbed they lie ;
 And know not that their charge now passes by.
 With reverence moved, the iron gates give way ;
 And bolts and bars, though senseless, homage pay ;
 Thy triple ward, thy fourfold watch is past,
 Thy victim safe,—and thou art mocked at last !
 So human power, and human art shall fail,
 While prayer and faith shall prosper and prevail.

Now on thy minions wreak thy vengeful ire ;
 For blood once tasted leads to fresh desire ;
 70 And Tigers, baulked of some erepted prey,
 Spring on the beast that bears their food away.
 But lo ! that principle of life has speech ;
 And though humated, yet its voice can reach
 From earth to heaven ; and thy effusions join
 At length of lingering vengeance to repine.

With slaughter bloated, and with pride elate,
 Thine eloquence display —thy pomp and state ;

⁷⁴ The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from
 the ground.—*Gen.* iii. 10.

- Yet downward from thy throne, how high soe'er,
Abased thou art, and taught thyself to fear.
- 80 On human blood thou long hast feasted :—long
Thy sport was human sufferings, grief, and wrong ;
One further sin the scales of justice crave—
And only one—thy destined weight to have :
One further sin the heavenly meter needs,
Ere thou hast filled the measure of thy deeds—
That sin is wrought—the attributes divine
By loud acclaims are given, received as thine ;
And thou, at length, the allotted victim, say
What shall devour, or who consume the prey ?
- 90 Shall man destroy thee ? No ! the world shall see
Thy fate depends not upon man's decree :
Shall vultures tear thee ? doomed as viler food,
The noble vulture's beak is all too good.
To lowly worms—no meaner reptile crawls—
Thy flesh, caparisoned so richly, falls :
To lowly worms—an instrument so weak
The mighty author's hand will best bespeak.
So perish all thy cruel foes, O Lord !
Who slay thy chosen race, and stop thy word ;
- 100 Whilst those that love thee, as the sun most bright,
Shall through the heavens diffuse their sempiternal
light.

⁸¹ Judges v. 31, and Daniel xii. 3.

WHY IS THE HUMAN FRAME COMPARED TO A TENT
OR TABERNACLE? KNOWING THAT SHORTLY I
MUST PUT OFF THIS MY TABERNACLE.

2 *Peter* i. 14.

YE thoughtful, meditative sages ! tell
Why this corporeal frame, in which we dwell,
To yonder tent, by human hands upreared,
In wisdom's sacred page is oft compared ?

Because, some prudent voice replies, a tent
Is used for pilgrims, or for soldiers meant ;
So these our mortal tabernacles here
To serve the self-same purpose now appear ;
For we are pilgrims, wending home our way ;
10 And Christ his soldiers, warring day by day.

Further because, a second sage rejoined,
A tent remains to no one spot confined ;
But, quickly struck, changes its place ; and then
Is pitched and struck ; and thus removed again.
So these our bodies, meant for earth a time,
Are borne from place to place, from clime to clime :
Unfixed, impermanent their present state,
They still some change—some further movement wait.

A third similitude, another shows—
20 The rain descends, the wind with fury blows
On its exterior—spotted, soiled, and rent :
Whilst splendour oft is found within the tent,

Thus Christians now a marred and mournful guise,
 In outward form, present to human eyes ;
 But inwardly their garb is bright and fair—
 The Spirit dwells, with all his graces, there !

- A fourth resumes, how quickly on the ground—
 How quickly spoilt the fragile tent is found !
 So speedily in dust the corpse is laid,
 30 When griefs assault, or injuries invade :
 So soon is death by stern affliction brought ;
 By outward ills, or inward sickness wrought
 One semblance more ; its purpose served, we trace
 No annihilation of the tent take place ;
 But first its inward furniture, with care,
 To some receptacle the owners bear ;
 Then loosened are the cords ; and disarrayed
 The poles ; the extended canopy unlaid ;
 Then placed in store the members thus disjoined,
 40 To be, when need requires, again combined :
 So when on earth we've once performed our part,
 This frame is loosened by the Maker's art ;
 (Its fair inhabitant, the soul, conveyed,
 And in its rest by sister spirits laid)
 Placed in the grave ; the sinews there within
 Reft from the bones, denuded of the skin ;
 But in that store from whence they first were ta'en, }
 All unconsumed, the particles remain— }
 Dissolved alone, and to unite again.

THE RESURRECTION.

FOR WE KNOW THAT IF OUR EARTHLY HOUSE OF
THIS TABERNACLE WERE DISSOLVED, WE HAVE
A BUILDING OF GOD, A HOUSE NOT MADE WITH
HANDS, ETERNAL IN THE HEAVENS.

FROM 1 *Cor.* xv. and 2 *Cor.* v.

UNITE again! the impious sceptic cries :
Say in what form, or how shall they arise?

"Thou fool, insensible of all around!"

A voice replies; "Survey the teeming ground!
That heaven survey, compare, and ponder o'er;
And deem the thing incredible no more!"

For Nature's works abundant proof supplies—

Such clear analogies those works comprise—

Were man as humbly, as he's vainly wise—

10 That nor his might, nor skill the act transcends,

Nor contradicts his providential ends,

For God our crumbled bones, our dust to call,

And to revive, and re-unite them all.

The grain, that in the last autumnal tide
Was o'er the earth so loosely scattered, died,
And saw corruption, as it buried lay
Beneath that mould which gave it to the day;

² 1 *Cor.* xv. 35.

³ *Ibid.* 36.

⁶ *Acts* xxvi. 8.

¹⁴ 1 *Cor.* xv. 36.

- Yet now again his quickening power on high,
By genial warmth and moisture from the sky,
20 Has every seed with life and grace endued,
And with their verdure nature's face renewed.
Illustrious Emblem ! to the eye for e'er
A sacred pledge and token to appear—
A pledge infallible—a token sure—
That, though dissolved, this frame may still endure ;
And, when the winter of the grave is o'er,
Its severed parts may re-unite once more
Spring from the dust, and fairer, livelier bloom,
Than ere when laid to moulder in the tomb.
30 'This truth indeed lay hid in deepest night,
Till called to view by supernatural light ;
But when revealed, propounded to the eye,
'Thou'rt more than fool the doctrine to deny. .
Still art thou doubtful ? slothful to believe ?
Because a mind finite can scarce conceive
How bodies formed of flesh and blood should rise,
And cleave their passage through the liquid skies ;
Or if mutation they shall undergo,
What nature, form, and properties, they'd show.
40 Why thus ineptly scepticize ? again
Reproved by nature's voice—reproved in vain,
Say, cannot he who all their forms bestows
On every tree—on every herb that grows—
A form distinct on every species known,
Whose colour too is as distinctly shown :

On every kind, how many a kind soe'er,
 Of beasts that wildly rove, or tame appear ;
 On every kind of winged fowls that soar ;
 Or reptiles creeping earth's wide surface o'er ;
 50 Of creatures moving through the briny sea ;
 Or last, ungrateful infidel ! on thee ?—
 Say ! cannot he who gave these forms to all
 That deck, and dwell on this terrestrial ball ;
 Who clothed those splendid orbs that roll on high
 With brighter bodies, suited to the sky ;
 Who bade this vast and wonderful array
 Degrees of varied excellence display—
 (For here his armies, as his hosts in heaven
 Proclaim to each a different glory given.)
 60 Say ! once again—has he no power to save ?
 Say ! has he no dominion o'er the grave ?
 No skill these bodies once again to raise
 From this estate so weak, corrupt, and base,
 To incorruptible, of nobler kind,
 More glorious to the eye, and more refined ?
 Our first Progenitor, to whom we owe
 This frail and mortal tenement below,
 Was out of earth, endued with vital breath ;
 Subject, as we, to sin, disease, and death.
 70 For flesh and blood, material, sinful—ne'er
 Can in his pure, ætherial realms appear :
 We first this mortal garb aside must lay,
 With immortality the soul array ;

⁵¹ 1 Cor. xv. 39.

⁶³ Ibid. 53.

⁷¹ Ibid. 50.

- Leave our corruption in the grave below ;
 And then on high with incorruption go.
 He who redeemed us, and in whom we trust,
 Re-animates himself our scattered dust :
 From heaven above his origin we trace,
 A spirit, quickening all the human race.
 87 See the fair Chrysalis ! an emblem see !
 Its transformation chides and censures thee :
 Mark ! when its stage of wintry slumber's o'er,
 Its figure and its aspect changed once more.
 With life retained (as thine, the soul shall prove)
 And altered guise, behold its body move !
 Called from its torpor, as the insect wakes,
 A fairer, nobler, lighter form it takes ;
 No longer meanly crawling on the ground,
 But glittering in the sun and ambient air 'tis found.
 90 Thou still may'st doubt ; nor love to have it so :
 But sceptic ! we believe—nay more, we know,
 That when this tabernacle, rent and torn
 By adverse storms, or else by time out-worn,
 Shall be dissolved, and tenantless conveyed,
 And in the store-house of the grave be laid ;
 Another building, not with hands combined,
 Eternal, in the heavens, our souls shall find.
 For this the Patriarchs left their native soil ;
 Their homes deserted ; bare a life of toil,

⁷⁵ 1 Cor. xv. 53.

⁹⁷ 2 Cor. v. 1.

⁷⁹ Ibid. 45, 47, 48.

⁹⁸ Heb. xi. 8, 9, 10.

100 Of grief, and trouble: wheresoe'er they went,
 Their only residence the shepherd's tent;
 Yet thus as pilgrims, sojourners, content. }

Of this assured, their dying Son, renowned,
 Denied his bones to rest in foreign ground;
 But gave commandment to be thence conveyed
 To Canaan's soil, and there for ever laid:
 By this translation of his corpse to tell
 That in the promised land he hoped to dwell;
 Not in the promised land which gave him birth,
 110 But some blest antitype of that on earth.

Assured of this, when earthly hopes had fled,
 The suffering Job erects his drooping head,
 O'ercast with ashes, humbled to the dust—
 Hear! (clothed in sackcloth) hear his settled trust!
 I know that my redeemer lives! I know
 That at the last and dreadful day he'll show
 A form perceptible to human sight—
 I know these eyes shall then awake to light;
 This flesh shall mock the worms' destructive power,
 120 And I with joy behold my God in that blest hour!

Assured of this—to have this bliss secured—
 His tortured-pains the martyr well endured;
 Apostate liberty refused with scorn,
 To gain the freedom of that heavenly morn.
 For this the Christian warrior, spent and tired,

¹¹⁰ Heb. xi. 22.

¹²⁰ Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

¹²⁴ Heb. xi. 35.

To quit this earthly edifice desired;
Not to be left exposed, in naked guise;
But clad beneath a mansion from the skies.
Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds! the graves re-
store,

- 130 The sea resigns the captive dead once more:
In vain, with time, through all those dark abodes,
The watery deep dissolves, the worm corrodes:
No single atom there disjoined shall stay;
But, re-united, all appear that day.
Thou Sceptic! thou, if unconvinced at last,
To hear thy dread and solemn sentence passed;
Whilst they who now, arisen from sin, believe,
Shall all their glory, all their bliss receive.

ON THE PAMPEIRO, OR TEMPEST
OF LA PLATA.



OMNIPOTENT and sovereign Lord !
 How awful on the rocky shore
 To hear thy loud and dreadful word
 Resounding in the tempest's roar !
 And there the surging waves no less,
 (That now in mountain-billows roll,
 And dash to earth the shatter'd mole,)
 Thy majesty and might express—
 In vain would art, with feeble stay,
 10 Oppose their proud resistless sway.
 But thou hast Ocean's bounds assigned;
 Nor o'er those limits dare they flow :
 Sent forth by thee, the stormy wind
 At thy command must cease to blow ;
 And thou canst with a word restrain
 The fiercest ravings of the main
 If thou but whisper " peace ! be still ! "
 It, calm and silent, owns thy will.
 O ! be thou present, then, where'er
 20 The horrors of the storm appear ;
 Where now in southern realms I view
 The cloudy-winged Pampeiro sweep,

And suddenly La Plata's deep
With wrecks and carnage strew :
Speeding along the boundless plain,
Where naught arrests its rapid course,
Accelerate to the neighbouring main
It rushes on, still gathering force.

On the wide tracts of level ground,
30 No victim for its rage was found :
But now, when scarce the seaman's eye
Hath marked it in the darkening sky,
His gunwale to the wave descends,
His cordage flies, his canvass rends,
His towering masts are bent—are gone—
They crash—they fall—his hull alone
Lies on the deep ; and o'er her deck
The scattered fragments of the wreck.

'Tis but a prelude this ; for O !

40 More furious still the tempest raves,
Still rising are the lofty waves,
Still more engulphed the bark below !
With sultry breath the blasts are borne ;
Oppressive is the tainted air ;
With frightful peals the skies are torn ;
Awful and dread the lightning's glare !—
It seems one sheet of living flame,
That from the Eternal's mandate came
To burn the universal frame !

(40) The author was very much struck on reading the
subjoined note in a paper the other day, as confirming this

- 50 And lo! when that broad flash is o'er,
And blackness clothes the heavens once more,
A blue phosphoric liquid yet
Seems quivering on the deck to set:
E'en the bold seaman, now dismayed,
Would fain avert his eyes, and fain
His slumbering messmates' rest invade,
To call them to their watch again.
Descending to the troubled deep,
The eager merchant came to reap
60 The wealth of foreign climes; but now
The wealth of all the world would give
To him who could but here allow

description which he has given of the appearance of the lightning, of which he was an eye witness fourteen years ago, in the lower longitudes in the Southern Hemisphere, where it is in general much more terrific than in the British Seas.

A Dover correspondent of the *Globe* thus notices the storm of Monday night, September 8, 1828. "I have conversed with several old fishermen and sailors who were out in the storm on Monday night, and they have all told me that they never saw such lightning. One man told me that he was off the coast of France in an open boat, with two other men, and for a few minutes they were obliged to let the vessel drift, the lightning was so terrific that they could not bear up against it, and hid their faces under the canvass, lading up water as well as they could with the hand that each of them had disengaged from holding the sails before their eyes, so as to prevent the vessel from taking fire, which they expected every moment to be the case.—The wind was not so boisterous immediately off the French

His faint and sinking soul to live !

The soldier joined the ardent crew

His dreams of glory to pursue

In foreign lands ; or forced away

By need, or duty's potent sway,

With many a mariner deplores

His exile from his native shores :—

70 So far upon the watery waste

The bitter toils of life to taste !

'Tis here, O Lord ! in such dread hour

They see—they feel thine awful power :

coast ; but a sailor, who was in a pilot boat mid-channel, describes the hurricane as awful. There had been a good deal of lightning at sea in the early part of the night, but the storm was not at its height much before twelve o'clock. They had been sailing and rowing for several hours, and just before the storm commenced they had every inch of canvass set, it became so calm. In a few minutes after, it blew such a hurricane that they were obliged to haul every thing in. It then moderated a little (about half past eleven), and about twelve the wind blew so hard that it was with difficulty they could keep their seats in the boat. In this vessel there were five men ; and the whole were incessantly employed in wetting her sides, to prevent her taking fire. They covered all the iron-work with canvass ; and notwithstanding these precautions, they were in continual fear of being on fire, the flashes played so incessantly in the boat. There was scarcely a minute, for an hour and a half, that a pin might not have been seen at the bottom of the vessel. The fury of the storm lasted for about an hour and a half at sea, then moderated a great deal, and at break of day the sea was as calm as a mill-pond. Whilst it lasted, this old sailor said, it was enough to daunt the stoutest heart."

The impious scoffer kneels to pray !
The daring atheist stands aghast !
Ashamed to bend—ashamed to say
He owns a God ; till urged at last,
His soul in terror melts away,
His trust in human skill is past.

80 Devoid of aid—of hope bereft,
Thou, thou alone, O God ! art left ;
From death around, beneath, on high
To thee they turn, to thee they cry.

Thy Sovereign empire thus confest,
Aside the clouds of wrath are thrown :
Man, with his lofty looks deprest,
Thy tender mercies now may own.
With pity moved, thine ears are lent ;
Thy hand from fear and anguish saves ;

90 All still and mute the winds are pent ;
And silent are the placid waves.
Hark ! to the changed exulting voice,
The cries have ceased ! their hearts rejoice !
Safe to the wished for port again,
He wafts them o'er the rippling main.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS GRACE HUGH

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

WHO DIED FEBRUARY 11, 1847, AGED 62 YEARS.



HE Prince of the North—the Percy-Chief
 lies cold
 Within proud Alnwick's castellated pile;
 From tongue to tongue the tale of sor-
 row told,
 Spreads the deep shade of Sadness o'er the Isle.

From the fair Monarch seated on the throne
 To the rude peasant of the lowly cot,
 His name was honored, as his worth was known:—
 "The good Duke Hugh" shall never be forgot.

For though his lofty Coronet was graced
 10 With gems of costly price, and jewels rare;
 The virtues on his noble heart enchased
 Were still more valued, still more bright and fair.

Throughout the realm each rank and order felt
The barbed shaft that laid the Chieftain low ;
As if stern Death, in bitterest mood, had dealt,
With aim too sure, an universal blow.

Well might the Sovereign feel her Royal Court,
The State deplore its Senate reft and shorn
Of that deep loyalty and firm support
20 Which he, for Britain's weal, had ever borne.

Nor less the Kindred Nobles deeply sighed
For the lost magnate—star that lately shone—
The setting of their Constellation's pride,
Beneath life's dark horizon swiftly gone.

Long had the Border-war and deadly feud,
With all the attendant ills, passed far away ;
And lo ! the bridal ring and glove were viewed,
Where the rude gauntlet once provoked the fray.

For long " the stout Earls of Northumberland,"
30 Had ceased to chase the Scottish fallow deer ;
And Noble Murray gave the plighted hand,
Where once the Douglas couched the hostile spear.

20 When the late Duke was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,
his conduct was so dignified and munificent, and, at the same
time, so kind and impartial to all, that even the tongue of
O'Connell himself could not find room to move against him.

31 Lord James Murray, son of the Duke of Athol, cre-

And see ! where once the Border-raid was read
In curling smoke, or burning Embers' tale ;
Or where the vengeful hot pursuit was led
By gory drops that stained the ravaged vale,

The milk white flocks now undisturbed repose,
And spotted herds securely there recline ;
Nor awe, nor anxious fear the owner knows,
40 Whene'er he views or tends his placid kine ;

But peace, and plenty, and contentment reigns
Throughout the Percy's widely-spread domain ;
Whose fostering hand each useful art sustains,
And bids the land rejoice with smiling grain.

It was not his to view his ample fields
And all-confiding tenants, free from care
How each of those his due proportion yields,
And these alone their proper burthen bear.

And Science mourns in Cam's contending halls
50 His late presiding Spirit quickly flown :
Beneath his auspice, all within her walls,
Pleased and concordant, joined his rule to own.

ated Lord Glenlyon, married Lady Percy, sister of the late Duke of Northumberland.

⁴⁴ The late Duke was a munificent promoter of Agriculture, and the general improvement of the soil.

⁴⁵ The late Duke was unanimously invited to become the

Nor fails the courage of his line, nor lies
 Extinguished in his race, brave Hotspur's fire ;
 But kindles still to deeds of high emprise,
 Though nobler shown in naught but Patriot's ire.

For lo ! the Iberian and the Belgian plain
 Alike their native valour still attest ;
 Whilst Gallia's shores, and those beyond the main,
 60 Have added lustre to their warlike crest.

Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and gave universal satisfaction to that learned body.

⁴⁷ Colonel the Hon. Henry Percy, Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Wellington, distinguished and severely wounded in the Peninsula and at Waterloo from whence he was entrusted by the Duke with the dispatches and account of that glorious victory. Captain the Hon. Francis Percy distinguished in the Peninsula. Both brothers of the Earl of Beverley, and first cousins of the Duke of Northumberland.

⁴⁸ Two other brothers of the Earl of Beverley. The Hon. Rear-Admiral Josceline Percy, C. B. late Commander-in-Chief at the Cape of Good Hope, received the public thanks of the Board of Admiralty, and of Lord Keith and Sir Pultney Malcolm, &c. for his gallant conduct in the destruction of a flotilla on the Coast of France, and other important naval services. Rear-Admiral the Hon. W. H. Percy exhibited also the zeal and bravery of his family on the Coast of America, during the late war. The present Duke of Northumberland, a Captain in the Royal Navy, distinguished for his nautical and other science, served with credit under the gallant Lord Collingwood, in the Mediterranean, during the same eventful period.

And the father of the late and present Dukes, who was a General Officer, was noted, not only for his personal services

Still for the guest in those Baronial halls,
The bounteous board is ever freely spread;
No good old Custom there discouraged falls,
While all the Evil are discharged and fled.

Thus with a noble heart and princely hand
His bounties were dispensed and showered around;
Though lofty in his mien—yet still more bland,
And kind and courteous was his presence found.

Then let him gently to the vault descend,
70 And for the Earth forsake his stately bier;
In saintly Edward's pile his ashes blend
With all the best and noblest that were here :

And o'er his last remains and honoured dust
Prepare the Marble Cenotaph to raise,
His worth to speak, till graves resign their trust,
And Monumental emblems cease to praise.

There in the Percy's twofold Crest display
The Lion's look unwontedly benign;
And let the Orient Silver Crescent say,
80 " I've learnt of late, o'er deeds of love to shine."

with the army in America, but also for his munificent expenditure upon his regiment, and in supporting a county force for the defence of his country.

But less it boots what the recording verse
May speak, or teach us, from the sculptured stone ;—
Go northward ! hear what living lips rehearse,
Where his great virtues were best felt and known.

There listen—there, by every poor man's tongue,
And there by every child of Sorrow's voice
In blessings are his daily praises sung,
And there, for ever, shall his fame rejoice.

And still for ever may the Percy race
90 In Alnwick's towers, with peace and joy, remain ;
And each succeeding age those virtues trace,
Too feebly shadowed in this votive strain.

EPITAPH.

IF noble birth, and rank, and riches claim
 Thine admiration, and the voice of fame—
 Beneath this stone their late Possessor laid,
 No more enjoys them, or receives their aid;
 But while he held, he used them as a trust
 For him who lent them, reverently and just,
 Leaving behind the fragrance and the bloom
 To sanctify his name beyond the tomb;
 And sending forth before him to the skies
 The incense of his pious sacrifice,
 Where dignity and power, and riches true,
 Are now prepared to greet him with their view.
 His state on earth may be beyond thy scope,—
 But not his heavenly—seek in faith and hope!

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE MARQUIS
OF NORTHAMPTON.

SAD was the sound, and full of grief,
That through the nation quickly spread,
When from the fair and lordly towers—
Mid sylvan glades and cultured bowers—
Of Ashby's well-known castle, sped
The wail of death, the notes of woe :
For her much-loved and honoured chief
By sorrow and disease was laid untimely low.

To others be the task assigned
10 The beams of noonday suns to praise,
In hope and joy to greet the rise
Of orbs ascending through the skies
With choice and complimentary lays :
Thus, basking in the heat and light,
The Laureat takes his course confined,
Attendant on his Lord—a captive satellite.

More grateful far this work of mine—
To seat myself, at eve, alone,
And mark the setting of the sun,
20 When round the earth his course is run ;

And see his fair reflections thrown
In glowing tints that, heightened, spread,
And still with greater beauty shine,
Than when his cheering rays were more directly shed.

No charge of flattery need he fear
Who celebrates departed worth—
And who, to human nature just,
Would rob Northampton's hallowed dust
Of praise and honour here on earth?
30 Whose virtues, now his race is o'er,
Shall in reflected tints appear,
Than life itself more fair—and bloom to fade no
more.

Full many a Cræsus here may roll
In boundless wealth and vast display;
And many a titled magnate go
From pride on earth to dust below,
Ere I would pen one single lay
To eulogize his fleeting name,
If, void of worth, his sordid soul
40 Lived to itself alone—unworthy of fair fame.

Not for thy rank or wealth my pen
In feelings deep is thus imbued;
But for that bright and well-stored mind,
And for that heart so warm and kind—
The one with finest sense endued—
The one with noblest feelings fraught.

O ! where shall we behold again
Such science, and such taste, with such benigance
wrought ?

Within the sphere he compassed—all,
50 In due proportion, felt the rays
Of that untired benevolence
Which issued constantly from thence,
Like genial beams of sunlit days—
As Father, Kindred, Neighbour, Friend :
Or, prompt to aid at every call
Where God's true glory, or man's welfare was the end.

While piety unfeigned thus glowed,
And active thus was seen to reign ;
And " milk of human kindness " flowed
60 In copious streams through every road ;
His manners, simple and urbane—
As well-born, well-bred men's should be—
With kind and graceful speech bestowed,
Humanitized all hearts, and led to harmony.

Ill can this world thy presence spare—
So rarely are such spirits found
To mitigate the woes we see,
And quell each fierce asperity,
And heal the griefs that here abound ;
70 To foster every liberal art,
And lay the stores of science bare,—
Yet all must bid farewell, compelled with thee to part !

100 DEATH OF MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON.

Then, good and gentle spirit ! go
Where kindred spirits thou shalt find :
Thy bright example, still unreft,
To us a rich bequest is left :
By this inspired, by this inclined,
We trust a goodly race to view,
Whose hearts shall emulously glow
80 To follow in thy steps, and help to bless mankind.

ON READING THE REV. H. ROSE'S
 FUNERAL SERMON
 FOR THE LATE COUNTESS OF SPENCER.

WHO shed the fastest and the briniest tear
 O'er that lamented lady's funeral bier?
 Who raised the deepest and the heaviest
 sigh

When to the kindred dust her corpse drew nigh?

Sad was the sight to see the husband mourn

So dear a partner from his bosom torn :

More sad to see her youthful orphans o'er

That tender mother's grave their sorrows pour ;

But sadder still to see that humble throng

10 Of every age and sex their wail prolong,

When o'er her cold remains the earth was laid—

For e'er deprived of her supporting aid—

That aid enhanced by manners kind and bland,

And sympathy that graced the open hand.

Nor vainly drops each fast and briny tear ;


Nor vainly rise those frequent sighs we hear ;

But, like the balmy incense of the morn,

Those frequent sighs from earth to heaven were
 borne ;

And, like the ascending dews of early day,
20 Those tears shall find to God's own throne their way ;
And, mingling there, in richest perfume shed
A sweet remembrance of the pious dead,
With undiminished fragrance cast around
Till all her works of Faith, and Hope, and Love are
crowned.

ELEGY ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF
LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

“ ALAS! too little, and too lately known,
Whom we began to think and call our
own.”

Alas! that suddenly that heart of thine
Should cease to vibrate, and its heat resign,
So great, so noble and so vigorous found—
Large was its frame, and strong with muscles bound,
To no one party is thy loss confined;
No faction claimed thee as a leader blind—
An Empire mourns thee in her utmost bound,
10 Whose every right in thee a Champion found.

Clear in discerning, patient to inquire,
“ A frame of adamant, a soul of fire;
No dangers fright thee, and no labours tire.”
Candid as day, and as the magnet true;
Honor and Chivalry around thee grew.

Chased by thy spirit, quacks their wands resign,
Empirics flee, and leave each crude design;

² Dryden's Elegy on the death of a promising youth.

⁶ His heart was large and muscular. The Inquest.

¹³ Johnson's description of Charles XII. of Sweden, in
“ the Vanity of Human Wishes.”

Sophists retire, and cease their quibbling strains ;
Impostors tremble o'er dishonest gains ;
20 Chicanery starts, and views thee with affright,
To find her tortuous dealings dragged to light.
The Venal Demagogue, of double tongue,
Shrinks from thy lash with " his galled withers
 wrung ; "

Retreats with terror to his secret hold,
Shunning the victims he has bought and sold.

'Twas thine, O noble Spirit ! to sustain
England's last spark of honour in her vein ;
To stop the bleeding, e'er deliquium stole,
And bid again the vital current roll,
30 When lured by guile, by treachery betrayed,
In helpless misery her corse was laid
Beneath the suction of the Vampire's tongue,
With all her noblest energies unstrung,
Mean and degraded, sinking day by day ;
Noble and gentle both alike a prey ;
Lulled by the flapping wings that o'er them spread
To honor senseless, and to virtue dead.

Aroused by thee, and by a kindred few,
They saw their danger, and at length withdrew
40 From 'neath the baneful spell, the deadly hold,
And once again her principles unfold.

Led into action, lo ! a noble band
Maintain the interests of their native land ;
Bravely contending 'neath thy vigorous sway,
Gaining fresh force and footing day by day ;—
But, oh ! when victory's wings appeared in sight,

The Leader falls, and all is darkest night !

But let not gloom and sorrow long prevail—

With short and manly grief we best bewail.

50 Thine, and our own great Leader, Stanley, lives ;

Thy meet yoke-fellow too, Disraeli, gives

His splendid eloquence to aid the cause

Of hearth and home, of liberty and laws ;

And Rutland's sons, of true Patrician race ;—

And Richmond staunch and firm in every place,

Are left to prove the lessons which he gave

Were not with him to perish in the grave.

With awe this dispensation we perceive,

And with humility the blow receive ;

60 His loss regret ; his valued life revere ;

And hold within our breasts his memory dear—

But let this motto reign in every thought,

“ HIS DEATH BUT CONSECRATES THE WORK HE
WROUGHT.”

Sacred by us henceforth that work be viewed,

And we with his own energy endued ;

Till reason re-assumes her wonted reign,

And “ Old Experience ” seems “ prophetic strain ; ”

Till mercies great are held with grateful minds,

Nor lightly scattered to the mocking winds ;

70 Till industry revives, and labour sees

The due reward of well-spent energies ;

Till impudent pretenders meet with scorn,

67 Milton—“ Till old Experience do attain
To something of prophetic strain.”

And laws suffice "the bold bad man" to warn;
Till selfish knaves, who own no Country's ties,
No more upon her ruin hope to rise;
Nor for base interest dare again to show
Their fratricidal lusts in other's woe;
Till pure Religion, Truth and Honour shine,
As once, Old England, they were counted thine!

80 Till all thy sons, how widely spread around,
Shall look upon thy soil as Parent ground,
Their source of life, religion, freedom, law—
Noblest and best, by far, the world e'er saw—
Extending in concentric circles wide,
These gracious gifts to all the globe beside;
And binding to thyself, by these strong ties,
Thy numerous scions wheresoe'er they rise,
Spread through all lands, and nursed beneath all
 skies.

Whatever age, whatever soil or clime,
90 Shall thus be blest by thee in after time,
Therein, while Patriot names they prize and sing,
BENTINCK! with thine their roofs and walls shall ring.

L.

24th Sept. 1848.

THE TIME FOR DYING.

Matilda Vernon Watkins, who wrote the two first copies of Verses following on the 3rd May, 1841, died at Calais on the 20th of the same Month, in the evening, after expressions of Christian resignation and contentment, and prayer to God, without a pang and without a sigh, in the 17th year of her age.



WOULD not die when the leaves are
 falling,
 When Nature mourns their sad decay ;
 When their withering seems as if recalling
 The brightness that has passed away ;
 For those who love me would feel a sadness—
 Their hearts might perhaps be clothed in gloom ;
 Oh ! I would not cast a shade on their gladness,
 For I shall be **HAPPY** when in my tomb.

When the gladsome spring with its early flowers
 10 Sends up to Heaven the sweets it gave ;
 When the twilight comes with its peaceful hours—
 Ah ! then I'd sink into the grave ;
 And fain, like an infant lightly sleeping,
 Without a groan, without a sigh,
 When the falling dew seems gently weeping
 My early fate—I *then* would die.

I would that *one* heart should weep in sorrow
When it saw the flowers around my grave ;
I would that each fresh succeeding morrow
20 Some thoughts of me to that *one* heart gave :
I would when sickness should o'er it hover,
That consolation to it were given ;
And when its emotions for e'er should be over—
Ah ! then I would hope to rejoin it in Heaven.

ON SEEING A PICTURE OF HOME.



H ! cold and lifeless picture—

I would that I were there,
Safe in my own dear Father's house
With my sisters young and fair.

And receive that Father's blessing !—

I would that I could hear

His voice so kind and gentle

That oft is raised in prayer.

And my Mother's gentle smile—

10 I think I see it now ;

I think I hear her speak again,

As she did so long ago.

My Sister now is singing

To please my Father's ear :

In mine her voice is ringing—

Oh ! would that I were there.

But perhaps ere I may visit

That much-loved home again,

Their voices now so happy

20 May speak in words of pain.

EPITAPH.



WHAT! though my much-loved child I
 mourn and weep—
 Thou art not dead ; but only fallen asleep
 In Angel's lap, for carriage through the
 night

And vale of death, to realms of life and light,
 To wake all blissful, and to rise all bright.

Such did thy faith and hope and love declare,
 And resignation freed from doubt and care.

And though I grieve that thou abroad did'st die,
 We are but sojourners where'er we lie,—
 10 Our only native rest is placed on high ;

Where thou—the bounds of mortal troubles past—
 Hast found and reached the tranquil bourn at last.

The sweet effusions of thy parting breath,
 And thy fond wishes, thus expressed in death,
 Are all, (like prophecies by Heaven inspired)
 Fulfilled by Heaven—but one that's yet desired.

For thou in thine own chosen mode and time,
 And all respects, did'st end thy youthful prime ;
 And he who loved thee far the best, hath wet—
 20 'Twas all he could—thy grave with fond regret !
 And few the days that God to him may spare
 In which thy memory shall not have its share ;
 Till thy last wish (not yet complete) be given
 Thy sainted Spirit to rejoin in Heaven.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN INFANT.



THOU source of past delight
 With look so mild,
 And soft, and sweet, and eye so bright,
 In winsome way
 Didst smile and play,
 And all our hearts the while of care beguiled.

Thine own was full of love,
 (Beloved of each,)
 As filled by that celestial dove
 10 Who deigns to teach
 The infant mind
 For Heaven designed;
 And gives the expressive look the power of speech.

Thou wert too pure for earth;
 And had not pain
 And sickness from thy very birth
 Bade thee complain,
 We might have thought
 An Angel brought
 20 To dwell with us, and teach us Heaven's own worth.


Thy blest translation hence
 Was quickly made;

112 TO THE MEMORY OF AN INFANT.

The force of sin, the power of sense,
Were scarcely laid ;
And from the frame,
As first it came,
Softly thy gentle breath its angel's call obeyed.

We'll think of thee and learn
Those heavenly ways
30 Which all in thee might here discern,
To God's own praise.
For thou wert sent,
(Though briefly lent,)
Our hearts from earth to move, our thoughts from
earth to raise.

LINES ON A FAITHFUL AND WORN-OUT
NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

 LAS! my faithful dog, how old
And feeble grown art thou ;
Thy shrunken limbs so stiff and cold,
Will scarce thy dwindled frame uphold,
As limping homeward now.

Oh ! how unlike thy earlier day
Of strength and beauty, flown,
When vigorous, and in sleek array,
Thou lovedst with every child to play—
10 To make their sports thine own ;

Or outward rove through lane and field,
So lightly bounding by ;
Then stop, and then return to shield
Thy charge, if stranger-form revealed
But aught of danger nigh :

Or 'fore thy master to the brook
With eager haste hast hied—
'Twas there he dived—'twas there he took
The stone he brought to land—then shook
20 The moisture from his side.

When thus refreshed, more buoyant made,
And saucy in his sport,
He feared the cane ; to woman's aid,
(By whom he knew 'twas never laid,)
He slunk and had resort.

There humbly crawling for a while
Behind her pitying form,
Looked with alarm, or feigned in guile,
Till hers had raised his master's smile,—
30 Then out—he feared no harm.


Those playful gambols all are o'er—
Remembered hence to be :
Thy nightly bark, like lion's roar,
Shall sound thy watchful trust no more,
'Or cause the rogue to flee.

And thou must now return to earth,
Like every living thing ;
Nor hear we of a second birth
To recompense thy present worth—
40 Or life's returning spring.

Then let my verse thy worth repeat—
Perhaps 'twill both outlive—
Thy true affection here shall meet
With what a grateful mind can greet—
'Tis all I have to give.

For lo ! thy constant faith and love,
And ever watchful part,
Might teach our nature, though above
Thy brute condition ; and reprove
50 Man's faithless voice and heart.

THE WELCOME SPRING.


 HE Spring! the Spring! the welcome
 Spring,
 Borne on the southern gales,
 At length appears with dripping wing
 To irrigate our vales :
 Her influence benign, through nature felt,
 Bids the deep snow and gelid waters melt.

Chilled by the winter's long embrace,
 The sluggish earth released,
 Her torpor casts—with smiling face
 Wakes, like an infant pleased—
 Elastic and invigorate, expands
 To genial showers her long-recruited lands.

Shake from thy pinions all their dew !
 And then, in colours bright,
 Bid us thy verdant plumage view
 O'erlaid with warmth and light ;
 Now darting swiftly o'er the gladdened plain ;
 And now refitting up the hills again.

Wake up thy song on every spray
 Loud at the matin-prime ;

And softer as the evening ray
Yields to the vesper chime ;
Then the dark groves and lowly copses fill
The live-long night with Philomela's trill.

With joy and gladness all inspire
Where life and motion dwell—
The child delight, and charm the sire—
Moved by thy magic spell ;
Whilst flocks and herds, alike enraptured, play,
30 Enamoured by thy warm and lightsome day.

What visions of the by-gone times
Thy potent charms recall !
What scenes of home, and distant climes,
Or viewed, or heard withal !
Whate'er we've seen, or read in ancient lore,
Waked by thy touch, returns to life once more.

Ye classic volumes ! quick unrol !
And let fond memory trace •
How Roman bards have on your scroll
40 Depicted Spring's bright face :
E'en now therein fair Tiber's plains I view,
And all those vernal scenes her skilful poets drew.

But oh ! more heartfelt far, and sweet,
From Græcia's earlier page,

I hear the nightingale repeat

Her songs in Creon's age;—

Where groves of laurel meet the tender vine,

And, filled with vocal guests, the olive branches join.

Ye groves of Araby and Ind!

50 Your spicy gales I feel,

As memory lingers still behind

To hear your tales reveal

The opening glories of an eastern spring,

Where Edens richly glow, and birds unrivalled sing.

Nor be those sacred scenes forgot

Where Sharon's blooming rose,

And Carmel's forests, loiter not

Their beauties to disclose;

Whilst vines their odours shed, the figs appear,

60 And turtles woo the opening of the year.

Sweeter than all we hear or see,

Those vernal scenes return,

When, in our boyhood, light and free,

The heart would dance and burn

O'er cliffs to roam, or by the hedge-row wild,

Or, basking in the glade, a thoughtless truant child.

⁴⁸ *Œdip. ad Colon. Sc. i. v. 15, et passim.*

⁶⁰ *Canticl. ii. 11, 12, 13.*

PART II.

THE Spring! the Spring! the welcome Spring,
Again I'll hail thy sight,
Thy genial warmth is wont to bring
70 To Poets new delight.
For winter's cold, and summer's heat, intense,
But hebetate the muse's finer sense.

But when thy green and tender leaves,
Bursting their coats, appear,
Then genius wakes, and fresh receives
The fervour of the year:
To quick perceptions, lively fancy born,
Ranges and sports, as in our childhood's morn.

In autumn, when the leaf shall fade,
80 And yellow be, and dry,
With thoughts as pensive as their shade
She then must slowly hie;
By the still, waning prospect deep-imprest,
More prone to paint the sorrows of the breast.

I cannot now accord to sing
The beauty and the charms
That joyous Maia loves to bring
To Britain's outspread arms;

Let Thomson's Muse, and Milton's blither verse
90 The vernal glories of the land rehearse.

Her milk-white fleeces spot the hills,
Her darker kine the vale ;
Her nightingale still sweetly trills,
As when they told their tale :
As richly, and as gaily bloom her flowers :
Nor faded is her sky, nor yet less green her bowers.

Her churches on the hillocks stand,
With " ivy-mantled tower "—
Emblem of strength !—and through the land
100 Proclaim life's passing hour ;
Whilst their tall spires, like fingers, point above
To God and Heaven, the objects of our love. .

The mansion on the swelling brow,
Beneath, and yet beside ;
Proud to the world around to show
'Tis to the Church allied ;
Content to God to yield the higher place,
And stand below his Sovereign fane of grace.

The neat built house, and lowlier cot
110 Around them blended lie,
Where flowers and shrubs adorn the plot,
Or climb the walls on high.

O happy image this of union sweet,—
Concord and strength between the mean and great!

How many genial springs have fled,
And ages glided past,
That God has here his bounties shed,
And special blessings cast :—
Within our borders peace and plenty given,
, And saving mercies rich vouchsafed from heaven?

Shall ages yet to come behold
The same fair aspect beam?
Or shall it, “ like a tale that’s told,”
Appear ; or “ like a dream ? ”
With grateful mind, content, and glad of heart,
Let man acknowledge !—God will do his part.

“ The early and the latter rain ”
Shall then descend, and bring
The Autumn’s golden fruits and grain,—
, The verdure of the Spring ; •
Still from the hills, the Spire embowered shall soar,
The cot and mansion peer, as lovely as of yore.

May 17, 1837.

CHRISTMAS EVERGREENS.



OME, gentle maidens, haste and bring
 Each wonted kind of evergreen ;
 O'er winter's brow let wreaths of spring
 In every pleasing guise be seen.

While Nature rigid lies in frost,
 Or chills the eye with face of snow,
 And the pale orb of day is lost
 Where summer suns on high would glow,

The prickly holly first convey,
 10 With glossy coat and berry bright ;
 Fair laurel broad ; and kindred bay
 Of smaller leaf, and duskier light.

Forget not too the humble box ;
 And let the stately cypress yield
 With sombre hue, their fresh-shorn locks
 To variegate the colour'd field.

'Tis merry Christmas' hallowed eve ;
 And, ere we think of feast or sport,
 First let the Prince of Peace receive
 10 Your tribute in his house and court.

From the wide arch, where, to the west,
The massive portals open wide,
To the fair Altar, deep recest,
In orient apse, afar descried ;

Let porch and transept, nave and aisle,
Your cheerful ornaments display ;
Let chancel, desk, and pulpit smile—
With grateful looks your toils repay.

Thus all his various works—from man
30 Through Nature's wide extent—should give
The earliest prime, the choicest scan
To Him who made, and bids them live.

And when our eye surveys the scene,
These emblems to the mind should call
That Word which, like those leaves so green,
Nor wanes, nor fades, nor e'er shall fall :

The springs and dews of grace divine,
Which bid man's virtues flourish here,
So like those leaves to spring and shine,
40 Till plucked to deck a holier sphere.

Whilst all beside shall droop and fade
Unblest, as not of heavenly birth ;
Like the deciduous annuals made
To wither, die, and fall to earth.

And fail not we to wish and pray
That, like those boughs so green and fair,
These temples too may brave for aye
The wintry storms and wintry air.

When foes are fierce, and friends are cold,
50 Or blighted heresies are rife—
Unscathed, unstained, unchilled may hold
The vigorous shoots of light and life.

Now to your homes and hearths repair,
And let your dwellings round be hung ;
Nor ever prove forgetful there
Of "green old age" from virtue sprung.

That what in early prime you sow
In summer kindred flower shall wear ;
And fruit in autumn ; or in snow
60 A kindred berry late shall bear.

Stay ! let one homage yet be paid !
Some portion of your gathered store
Round the low grave be neatly laid,
Where loved ones rest, and deck them o'er.

Ye need not here admonished be
To think of those enclosed below ;
How like the flower they fade and flee,
How like the leaf they come and go.

But here no less still mindful prove
Of that green leaf which heals mankind,
Whose virtue shall the friends you love
Raise from the grave, by these entwined.

Now God be with us all, the while
In church, at home, in every place,
Our tears to dry, to light our smile
With joy and comfort of his grace.

DOMESTIC POETRY.

THE EARLIEST ROSE.



'VE always sought the earliest rose,
That in our little garden grows,
A yearly tribute e'er to be
Of undiminished love for thee.

Thus as the sweet returning spring
Does every wonted offering bring;
So would I still, from year to year,
Recall to thee a love once dear.

Like as the tree on which it grew
10 Does flowers successively renew;
So would I yield, while life shall last,
Affections blooming as the past.

GATHERING VIOLETS.

LINES FOR A FAMILY PICTURE.

COME, thou sweet partner of my joy and care,
And let us to the sunny banks repair,
While the bright gleams of early spring are cast
On smiling landscape—seldom long to last.

Come, let us range the sheltered greensward lane,
And bid our children form a fancy-train,
Till their quick roving glances catch the sight
Of fresh-blown violets peering to the light.

See how rejoiced and emulous they run,
10 To pluck those first creations of the sun;
Beneath the sprouting hawthorn stooping low,
Eager they grasp at all that bud and blow.

The scramble o'er, with little hands surcharged—
Yet wishing still the fragrant bunch enlarged—
Back, back they hasten with increased delight
To proffer each a tributary mite.


With glowing cheeks and glistening eyes they stand,
To either parent stretched the teeming hand,
Their sole anxiety, their only dread,
20 To be rejected, or unheeded spread.

Blest scene and season, transient both howe'er,
Ye bring our own sweet early childhood near;
And thus beguiling us of grief and pain,
Restore to us awhile its joy again.

March 24, 1836.

EIDESPERNOX.

PREFACE.

T is no doubt a very prevalent opinion, that the press of this country has already supplied a superabundance of literary essays; that the Muses, especially, have multiplied their sons to great excess; and that any addition to the poetry of the day can only increase the existing profusion, without rendering a benefit to the public, or acquiring success for its author.

A redundancy in any department of science can only be justly complained of when the works that appear are deficient in merit; for the world could hardly object to a superfluity of genius or talent.

If then the opinion be well founded, that too much poetry has lately been published in this kingdom, the evil must consist in the quality not keeping pace with the quantity: but as the failing and inferiority of one should have no influence in deterring another from seeking success and excellency in the same pursuits, there is no substantial reason why further attempts should either be abandoned or discouraged. The public are under no obligation to patronize works which they do not admire; and the author is responsible for his own undertaking: if he please,

the benefit is mutual; if he miscarry, the reader is not injured, and the writer must sustain the result.

Under this view of the case, I dare to offer these poems to the public notice, desirous that they should have their trial, and perfectly resigned with respect to the event. In submitting these productions to their fate, I stake not my happiness, nor even my temper. No man is competent to judge himself, or to estimate his own performance; and the opinion of friends is naturally biassed by partial sentiments and kind affections: nor shall I feel surprised if I find my hopes deceived, or their expectations lessened. I shall have made an effort that is neither ignoble in itself, nor springs from any bad motive, nor is conducted by any wrong measure, nor tends to any evil consequence; and, therefore, let the result be what it may, I can have no cause to regret that ever it was made.

The cultivation of poetry is not only perfectly consistent with the clerical profession, but the art itself was originally a branch of divinity; and the oldest bard whose works are extant was both anointed to preach, and inspired to sing:—

“ The praise of Heaven was then the theme of verse,
Which Kings of Earth were honoured to rehearse,
Who thought extent of Empire less renown,
And prized their Poet's wreath above their Prince's
Crown.”*

* From an introduction to the poems of Sir John Davis, Attorney-General to Queen Elizabeth.

From celebrating the attributes of God, the Muse descended to the praise of men, and blended human subjects with the divine. But still her office is noble and beneficial, as long as she remains the handmaid of patriotism and loyalty, of valour and virtue: she is not debased until she becomes the panderer to ambition and tyranny, of sensuality and vice.

The greatest and most illustrious bards of every country have proved themselves mindful of their dignified origin, and useful ministration; and when a MILTON sang "to justify the ways of God to man," or a HOMER undertook to show the unnumbered woes that civil feuds may bring upon a nation, or a VIRGIL tuned his reed to teach his countrymen the arts of peace,—they approved themselves worthy of high descent, and merited the name they each acquired: they obtained a genuine glory to themselves, and performed essential service to mankind.

The proper end of poetry is to inspire the human soul with piety and virtue—to inform and amuse the human mind—to delight and soothe the human breast—with the combined powers of skill and fancy, harmony and grace: and whether epic or dramatic, pastoral or lyric, if it yields instruction, consolation, or amusement, to a world where darkness, wretchedness, and care prevail, it is worthy of admiration and esteem, in proportion to its efficacy and power. Wherever this tendency is found, it is of minor consequence to what profession the author belongs: if he does not sacrifice his sundry avocations to the

Muses' call, he is only adding other fruits to the daily duties of his proper station; he is making his recreations and amusements subservient to the glory of God, and conducive to the happiness of his fellow creatures. There are hours in the circle of every man's life to which no stated obligations are assigned, and these he must employ at his own discretion: if innocently spent, it is enough; if profitably too, it is better;—and of this himself must arbitrate and judge.

When the divine art of poetry is perverted from its noble end, and instead of aiding and inspiring piety and virtue, is turned into weapons of vice and profaneness; when, instead of contributing to useful instruction and rational amusement, it is used as a vehicle of error and corruption; when, instead of delighting and soothing the human heart, it is made to engender a fretfulness of spirit, and discontentedness of mind; it then becomes worthy of reprobation and contempt, in proportion as its influence extends to the world.

The more splendid the talent, the more fatal the mischief; the more fatal the mischief, the more execrable the lay;—and though, from prevailing depravity, the world may admire a strain congenial to its taste, and place a garland on the brows of those who ruin its virtue, and rob it of its peace, it is but a garland of immortal shame, steeped in the tears and dyed in the blood of thousands of their race, whose passions are fomented, and whose principles are undermined, by those efforts of genius, and exertions of

talent, which ought to have assisted in stifling the former, and aided in establishing the latter. Who can hear, without being deeply moved, how DRYDEN at the last deplores the former prostitution of his noble powers?

“ O! gracious God! how far have we
 Profaned thy heavenly gift of Poesy?
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debased to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose harmony was first ordained above
 For tongues of angels and for hymns of love?
 O! wretched we! why were we hurried down
 This lubrique and adulterate age,
 (Nay, added fat pollutions of our own,)
 To increase the streaming ordures of the stage?
 Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all:
 Her Arethusian stream remains unsoiled,
 Unmixed with foreign filth, and undefiled,
 For wit was more than man, her innocence a child.” *

Unhappy DRYDEN! thy confession and remorse should now exempt thine ashes from reproach; nor do I call thine errors from the tomb for obloquy and censure, but to hold thee up as an illustrious beacon to those who, without thy genius, skill, or learning, would only imitate thy faults and imperfections.

A considerable portion of these productions was either written or designed at an early age; and though there is nothing, I should hope, inserted here that needs to be defended, yet there may be much to require indulgence.

* Elegy on Mrs. Anne Killigrew.

I shall only add, that for want of an English word to entitle the major poem, and not from pedantry, I have compounded the Greek words, *Eido*, "to view," *Hespera*, "evening," and *Nux*, "night;" "A view of Evening and Night:" to express in some degree the nature of the subject.

e.
H.


EIDESPERNOX.

WRITTEN AT SEA IN SOUTH AMERICA IN 1814.

CANTO I.

Description of Evening, Rustic Scenery, Harvest; a View of Tropical Climates;—the Contrast.—Season, the latter end of Summer.

I.

 **T**IS summer evening's calm and placid hour,
And sunny tints o'er all the landskip
glow;
Wide o'er each garden, meadow, shrub,
and flower,

A mild and yellow lustre they bestow :
On the broad gleams the lengthened shadows lie,
As though their subjects rose majestic to the sky.

II.

Behold yon smiling fields ! in ordered heaps
Are laid the burnished sheaves of ripened grain ;
And many a tired and sturdy rustic sleeps
With limbs extended on the stubbly plain :
The sickle in his hand its work hath done,
And he lies resting there, and basking in the sun.

III.

Soon shall the harvest-home their toil repay,
And plenty cheer each weary reaper's heart;
The dance and song shall crown the festal day,
And high the moon ascend before they part;
Nor shall the peasant's active vigour please
His rosy damsel less than elegance and ease.

Behold! the golden flake, the crimson blaze,
20 On many a glittering stream and window shine,
Ere from the western sky those brilliant rays
Have ceased to flow from their bright orb divine;
And through the opening trees in that sweet spot
How beautiful the gleam on yon sequestered cot!

V.

Here on this bank, from care and labour freed,
The grateful mind will feel a respite blest
To sit and view the generous weary steed
Returning homeward to his nightly rest;
To think that nightly rest is given to all—
30 Sweet as the downy bed is that poor creature's stall.

VI.

To mark the hardy peasant stalk along
Before his empty team with ample stride,
Whilst lustily he chants some rustic song,
His faithful dog attending at his side;
And then behold him cease, and think awhile
On the approaching bliss of wife's and children's
smile.

VII.

Or from this lonely tuft, this mossy seat,
To hear the birds, on every leafy spray,
With mournful notes and lengthened cadence sweet,
Deplore the fading glories of the day,
Till, by degrees, the harmonious tribe retire,
And with the deepening shades they cease their
evening quire.

VIII.

No more on earth shall halcyon seasons beam,
Nor simple manners prove a guiltless race ;
They only flourish in the Poet's dream,
The fond Elysiums of his fancy grace :
Nature hath storms ; with men fierce passions rage ;
For ever from the earth hath fled the golden age.

IX.

Yet are there hours—like these, such tranquil hours,
When, deeply charmed with nature's fair array,
We almost deem that happier period ours,
And all our iron misery fleets away :
No clouds deface the sky, lulled are its storms,
Nor aught the feelings wounds, nor aught the scene
deforms.

X.

When lucre draws, or discontent impels,
To distant shores with brighter climates blest,
Where Eden's bloom, perennial verdure dwells,
Nor frosts, nor snow, nor chilling blasts molest ;
Where all is luxury, where all is ease,
And every scene conspires the admiring eye to please ;

XI.

Where trees uncultured, save by sun and dew,
With loaded branches seek the earth for stay ;
And, 'midst the full-grown fruit and ripened hue,
The opening buds another bloom display,
Where, ere the last wide gathering disappears,
The rich and fecund soil a second offspring rears :

XII.

Whether beneath the long-leaved plantain laid,
Or golden orange canopy the head,
Or in the mangoe, or the tamarind shade,
70 With wide-extending branches overspread,
Fanned by the cooling breeze, that freshly blows
To assuage the fervid heat where Sol so fiercely glows :

Though brightly beams above a cloudless sky,
And every tint that radiates in the bow
Combines to deck the splendid scenes that lie
On the majestic hills and plains below,
While the huge mountain lifts its lofty crest
High o'er the rolling clouds that sweep along its
breast :—

XIV.

Still will the mind to homeward objects turn,
80 (If but one noble spark the soul retains)
Still will the heart with livelier fondness burn
In dear remembrance of its native plains—
Whatever charms those brighter regions boast,
A generous breast will love its native land the most.

XV.

Still will the constant memory love to view
The vernal morns that o'er our country break,
Her summer's lovely eves, and nightly blue,
Or to her autumn's richer glow awake ;
And e'en her wintriest form, her deepest gloom,
10 Appears, by absence changed, enchantment to
assume.

XVI.

But see ! in grey and solemn vest arrayed,
Slow, pensive Twilight now pervades the plain ;
And all things buried in her dusky shade,
No form or beauty for the eye retain :
Confused and indistinct the prospect lies,
And scarce a sound is heard beneath the dewy skies.

CANTO II.

Description of Twilight : the Attributes of God displayed in the works of Creation ; Jewish knowledge of the Creator ; Heathen ignorance of him : Thoughts on Futurity : Elegy on the Death of a Sister.

I.



THE distant hills in deeper shades are
 blending,
 Beneath a mingled rose and saffron dye,
 Which fainter glowing o'er the sun descending,
 100 Fades spreading in the light blue evening sky ;
 'Till purest ether all above appears,
 And all the earth beneath a robe of darkness wears.

II.

And now the lovely herald of the night,
 Deserted Vesper, mildly shines alone,
 Ere with a brighter, more expansive light,
 The Moon ascends to fill the empyreal throne ;—
 Short is thy reign, but sweetly gleams afar,
 Thy scintillating ray, thou lovely Western Star.

III.

Expanded now the book of nature lies,
 110 With all the attributes of God imprest ;
 Ocean, and earth, and planetary skies,
 Power, wisdom, goodness infinite attest :
 His mystic tome redeeming love made known,
 But in his " handy-works " the Great Creator's shown.

In glowing characters the page of day
Speaks of the power who made the sun to shine,
Who clothed the grass, and bade the fields look gay
With laughing corn, with fruitful oil and wine ;
Who every want and every care supplies,
10 On whose sustaining hand the universe relies.

V.

But when at even-tide the leaf turns o'er,
And brings to view the sacred page of night,
Fresh wonders rising call us to adore,
With deeper reverence and refined delight ;
Sublimar, holier awe the soul inspires,
As with the glare of day each sound of life retires.

VI.

A deeper blue invests the vaulted sky,
Studded with distant orbs, whose glittering ray
Checks not the bashful glance, the inquiring eye,
o Like the strong blaze which dazzles it by day ;
But pure and mild, magnificent, serene,
Heaven now invites our gaze to nature's grandest scene.

VII.

The eye delights, from earth released, to soar,
The mind too feels with joyful freedom blest,
For midst this heavenly calm contend no more
The stormy passions of the human breast ;
Life's active scene, which bids those passions rise,
Withdrawn, now leaves us power to check their enter-
prize.

VIII.

On that nocturnal sky and starry host
140 The Royal Hebrew oft was wont to gaze,
And whilst in awe and admiration lost
At yon rich canopy in stellar blaze,
The Prophet-Bard, with sacred rapture fired,
Sang to his hallowed lyre what piety inspired.

IX.

Eternal Spirit ! who taught his mind to know
The adoration due to heaven's High King,
Nor left his soul to wander blind and low,
Prostrate to fall at each created thing ;
Endued by Thee, he soars with truth and light
150 High o'er a fallen world low sunk in deepest night.

X.

Around his land the darkened nations all
To yon material lights their worship pay,
To creatures formed for their own service fall,
Nor look beyond, their Maker to survey :
Tyre, Sidon, Egypt, and Assyria bend,
Whilst Israel's race alone to loftier views ascend.

XI.

Yet are those nations all with science graced,
Commerce and arts extend their splendid fame,
Cities beneath their conquering arms erased,
160 With glory gild their many a hero's name :
Statesmen, astronomers, and warriors shine ;
Poets and orators record their powers divine.

XII.

But though those powers, terrestrially applied,
Were wonderful and vast, the human soul,
With only erring reason for its guide,
Declined beneath corruption's base control;
Blind to itself, and to its author blind,
Dark ignorance enslaved the proud yet abject mind.

XIII.

Yet cease the wretched heathen to reprove ;
170 Scorn not because with clearer notions blest ;
Unmerited by thee that greater love
Which purer knowledge to thy mind address :
For their condition pity claims thy tear,
For thine let Heaven's due claim of gratitude appear.

XIV.

But say, with only admiration raised
To heaven's blue concave was the Psalmist's eye ?
O no ! but ever as he upward gazed
Hope and desire of immortality
Rushed on his soul ; and piercing through the skies,
180 Futurity's bright field the enraptured Prophet spies.

XV.

With him, my soul, o'er time and space ascend,
There bliss supreme, eternal pleasures see ;
Soon, Pilgrim, shall thy earthly journey end,
And then those heavenly seats shall welcome thee ;
There on thy native regions fix thy view
To animate thy steps life's rugged passage through.

XVI.

Thou, sweet Maria, art already there,
Safe in the haven of immortal rest,
Exempt from danger, and released from care,
190 No mortal ills disturb thee or molest ;
But with the blissful spirits of the sky,
Awaiting the reward of Faith and Constancy.

XVII.

O God ! how infinite the change in death !
One awful moment—and that change is made !
'Tis but the mere cessation of our breath,
And lo ! the soul from earth to Heaven's conveyed !
Now tenant of disease, of grief, and pain ;
Now in its own bright realms of happiness again !

XVIII.

Full soon thy transitory term was ended,
200 And early we on earth thy loss bemoan ;
Ere Spring had ceased rude Boreas swift descended,
And with its leaves and buds the tree lay strown ;
But O ! it matters not life's bare extent,
But how its days are past, and how its years are spent.

XIX.

And what was thine ? no dissipated round
By Fashion led, or tyrant Custom swayed ;
In Duty's paths thy feet were ever found ;
There was thy strength, and there thy prime displayed :
What would avail thee life's gay pleasures now ;
210 When all thy virtues bloom, and deck thy sainted brow ?

CANTO III.

Description of Night; influence of a fine Moonlight Night on the thoughts and feelings, exemplified in a Siberian exile; Sertorius, the Roman General; Johnson and Savage; Lieut. Hoppner; the Jews in Captivity; and Turkish Prisoners.

I.



Nigh the lovely moon now sweetly beams,
 Fast from her rays the stellar orbs retreat,
 Save where some dwindled wanderer
 faintly gleams,
 That lately shone pre-eminently great;
 Like satellites to grace her splendid reign,
 Wide scattered in the sky, a few bright stars remain.

II.

Earth shines again in beautiful array,
 Again each object life and shape resumes;
 The lunar splendor rivals that of day,
 And sweeter far the landscape it illumines:
 Pure, mild, and clear, from midst the sapphire bright
 The imperial planet sheds her soft and silvery light.

III.

And as the shadows of the skirting lime
 Still and obscure upon the flood are shown,
 The ruined bridge, defaced by powerful time,
 With moss and ivy from its base o'ergrown,
 Whilst proudly o'er the stream it arches high,
 Depicted in the wave seems deep therein to lie.

IV.

No breath disturbs the holy calm around,
230 No ripples now the shining river move,
All nature seems consigned to sleep profound,
And all is motionless below, above,
Save where some twinkling star emits its ray,
Or weeping willow sheds the dew-drop from its spray ;

V.

Or where, beneath each wide depending tree,
The smooth and limpid waters gently glide,
As o'er their banks the arborial drapery
Appears reflected on the lucid tide :
Near me the lucid tide flows silent all, [fall.
240 Whilst faintly strikes the ear its distant murmuring

VI.

'Tis now the hour which parted lovers choose,
And severed friends and exiled patriots woo,
In fond remembrance on the past to muse,
And bring each absent, distant form to view.
The silence of the scene aids memory's part,
Its placid beauty soothes the aching, longing heart.

VII.

E'en now, where bleak Siberia joys awhile,
Blest with the transient visit of the sun,
Beneath whose ardent gaze the frozen pile
250 And snowy mantle hath dissolved, and run
Down craggy steeps with loud impetuous roar—
Dashed in a swelling flood on to the briny shore.

VIII.

There by thy light the wretched exile's seen
 Standing beside his solitary cot,
Pondering on absent joys that once had been ;—
 O ! could they now for ever be forgot !
From what remorseless anguish would they save,
Ere, pining fast with grief, he sank into his grave !

IX.

Far, far away his darling country lies,
260 And he in banishment is lonely here ;
Far, far away, to faithful memory rise
 His tender spouse, his fondling infants dear :
The patriot, husband, and the sire in turn
Feels with a wasteful fire his lone affections burn.

X.

Behold ! in poverty's extremest case,
 Houseless, and penniless, in want forlorn,
Great Johnson with unhappy Savage pace
 The city's vacant streets from eve till morn ;
Yet blest with Thee, the long cold night they walk,
270 Feel for their country there—of her they think and talk.

XI.

Sertorius ! thou, magnanimous as brave
 (Imperial Rome ne'er claimed a nobler son),
With tender, yet exalted soul, couldst crave—
 E'en when the field was thine, the victory won—
Thyself of power and glory to divest,
And in thy native land to find obscurer rest.

XII.

With merciless disdain the boon refused—

Hast thou not oft, without thy silent camp,
In such an hour, in such retirement, mused,

280 Beneath that azure sky and silvery lamp?

Given to thy absent city many a sigh,

And with the filial tear suffused thy manly eye?

XIII.

And thou too, Hoppner, thou, my gallant friend,

Amid the horrors of the arctic clime,

Where deeply congelated seas extend

With massy rocks of frozen wave sublime—

There on thy midnight watch with shivering frame

Hast felt the influence still of that sweet orb the same.

I've seen thee there—in fancy seen thee bending

290 O'er the bright wake that glistened in her ray:

I've seen thee there with fondest thoughts extending

To England's cliffs—Yes, thou wert far away,

But not forgotten—oft the fervent prayer

Thy mother breathed to heaven, with friendship's en-
tered there.

XV.

A spirit brave, and enterprising too—

A seaman's heart, warm, generous, open, kind,

Thrice proved, again the venturous track pursue,

Nor less regarded, less preserved in mind:

Success attend my friend in every state;

300 Glory and meet reward thy safe return await.

XVI.

To Him who rules the billow, guides the storm,
 'Tis not less easy to defend and save
Where hyperborean horrors round thee form,
 Than where the skies are mild, serene the wave,—
But thou hast seen, hast felt, and owned his power,
And knowest thy refuge well in danger's darkest hour.

XVII.

See Judah's sad and exiled children, see !
 Where Babylonia decks Euphrates' shore :
There, O Jerusalem, remembering thee,
310 They sit beside the waters to deplore
Their beauteous city,—on the trees thereby
They hang their silent harps, all hushed their min-
 strelsy.

XVIII.

In vain their victors now the song demand,
 The far-famed song of lovely Zion there ;
Their tongues refuse it in a foreign land,
 Their heavy hearts no melody can spare :
Yet oft when lonely in the silent night, [light.
They pour their sorrows forth beneath thy hallowed

Where Hellespontus rolls his rapid stream,
320 Dungeons accurst, abominably dank,
With guilt and innocence confounded teem,
 And ever and anon their fetters clank,
As the poor wretches raise the desperate prayer,
To invoke indulgent Heaven no longer life to spare.

XX.

There fell disease, and sweeping plagues alone
Release those tenants from their vile abode;
Yet hast thou there, through some small inlet shone,
With consolation to their misery flowed:
The expiring wretch uplifts his languid eye,
330 To catch again thy beams, ere ever-closed it lie.

CANTO IV.

An Amatory Romance.

I.



ENOUGH,—to Love we turn ;—my fancy
sees

A gallant Knight, from Palestina's
shores,

Towards yonder Castle pass those lofty trees,
In quest of her his youthful soul adores ;
Nine lingering years have, since their parting, flown—
With trembling hope he comes to claim her as his own.

II.

Proudly his martial breast the red-cross bears,
The hard-earned prize of many a blood-stained fray,
In sweet anticipation he declares

340 The dangers he sustained when far away ;
Past toil and perils now with joy arise,
His safety they'll enhance in his fair Bertha's eyes.

III.

Lo! to the mind his blissful boyhood springs,
As homeward he pursues the oft-trod way,
Each well-known track to dear remembrance brings
The prospects of his earlier, happier day ;
In fairest mould is every object cast,
For memory loves to grace and gild the seasons past.

IV.

We turn unto our morn with partial eye,
350 And find, when gone, how blest those moments were,
When envied Ignorance forbade the sigh
To rise solicitous of future care,
When the light heart exulted at the view
Of those all-radiant scenes which ardent Fancy drew.

V.

O! soon, too soon, these promised charms have flown,
And life's dark clouds upon the sky appear;
Where the bright tints in all our visions shown!
The illusion vanishes approaching near:
With fond regret we trace those seasons o'er,
360 Their fledged joys enhanced—ah! to return no more.

VI.

And often had the brave Crusader found
The sad realities of life dispel
His youthful dreams, his youthful hopes confound,
And dissipate each bright romantic spell;
No Sire survives to welcome home his boy,
No Mother's heart shall swell exuberant with joy.

VII.

For in that brief and transitory space,
Since first he steered for Judah's hallowed strand,
Remorseless death had summoned all his race,
370 And left him lonely in his native land:
Thou art his last, his only hope, and he,
Fair Bertha, now depends for happiness on thee!

VIII.

The soul for love was formed, and when deprived
Of many an object once within its sphere,
The love it bore reverts to those survived,
Each loss it feels connecting them more dear ;
His other claims of sympathy removed.
Concentered all in thee,—O ! how art thou beloved !

IX.

The walls are near—his ardent bosom glows—
;30 A mixed emotion agitates his breast :
In yonder tower his Bertha seeks repose,
Or—is she laid in one eternal rest ?
He stands, he muses—hope and fear by turns
Now triumph o'er his soul,—the last he quickly
spurns.

X.

But hark ! what sounds the solemn silence break ?
What voice disturbs the holy calm that reigns ?
He hears some soft, melodious lyre awake—
Some voice's softer, more melodious strains :
The prelude o'er—again she wakes the strings—
;90 To love the lay is given, and thus sweet Bertha
sings :—

SONG.

“ Though distant, O dream of our passion renewed ;
Let memory awaken the joys we once proved,
When the bright infant flame our young bosoms subdued,

And our eyes gathered bliss as we tenderly loved.
O ! yet in still faithful remembrance I trace
Each scene of our childhood, ere absence imprest
A regret for the loss of those moments so blest ;
And absence and time try in vain to efface
One image, dear Roland, of thee from my breast.

400 “ Thy voice sounds as sweet, and its whispers as clear,
Though lingering and sad many a season hath past
Since its accents of melody soothed my fond ear
With the vows that thy love should unalterably last ;
And though Ocean may part us, no distance can sever
The hearts that by love are so firmly entwined ;
No ! long from the eye may the form be confined,
With the soul still the object is present for ever,
And lives ever fresh in the dreams of the mind.

“ Perhaps yon fair moon, that with clear, radiant light,
410 In silence and peace holds her beautiful reign,
While here she majestically rules o’er the night,
As brightly irradiates the battle’s dread plain,

Where, in fond emulation of glory's high breath,
The warriors of England undauntedly go,
To chastise the proud Pagan, the Saracen foe—
As clearly may shine o'er the havoc of death,
And on thy warm blood livid glances bestow.

“ O dead be these thoughts ; for the visions of love
Should ever be sacred from such dark intrusion ;
420 Arise then some brighter, though time should them
prove

The light fabrics of hope raised by fancy's illusion—
Let the laurel's green branch be entwined on the brow
Of the faithful in love and the gallant in war ;
And guided by Dian, or Venus' bright star,
O'er the Ocean's blue wave may the bark gaily plough,
That wafts him to home from his exile afar.”

XI.

Blest be the tongue that those fond wishes bore —
Then in his arms he clasped the blooming fair —
O! happy he to hear thy voice once more,

430 Its sweet, although unconscious welcome bear,
To hear it sound thy faithful Roland's name,
Thy constancy and love in Heaven's bright face proclaim.

XII.

Nor time nor absence e'er had power from me
To chase the past—the hope of future bliss;
Oft, oft, and dearly have I longed to see
A meeting hour, so blest, so sweet as this—
I dream! O! God, it is reality!
Must then my short-lived joy die thus in infancy?

XIII.

There are who robbed of all that gives to life
440 Its interest, or the heart its ruddy glow;
Who wage with misery unequal strife—
Exiled from every joy their fellows know:
Whose only respite from affliction deep [sleep.
Is when the labouring mind lies calmed in transient

XIV.

As the brief slumber seals their wearied eyes,
In visions of the night will such behold
Their once-known friends, their once-felt joys arise,
With outstretched arms they hasten to enfold,
When lo! the spell in that emotion breaks,
450 And only roused to weep the lonely wretch awakes.

XV.

Thus mocked was Roland in his short embrace
Of that sweet form, of animation void ;
Thus left, to weep upon her clay-cold face
The fostered visions of his soul destroyed :
Till life's warm flush perceived, fresh joy arose,
Back to his stranded heart its ebbing tide reflows.

XVI.

The solemn rite is o'er, and bliss is theirs—
Such as on Earth humanity can know :
We stay not now to learn what thorny cares
+60 May line their future path,—enough to show
That thy true loyalty and faith, O Love !
Is here by Heaven approved, rewarded from above !

L'ENVOY.

NOW must thou rest unstrung, my darling Lyre ?
Scorned and in silence must thou hence remain ?
Or shall success thy sounds again inspire,
And urge thy master to a loftier strain ?
Shall early fancy, hopes long nurtured, die ;
Or prove thy wakening voice, instinctive Poesy ?

Why didst thou else thy fascinating skill,—
+70 Why didst thou else thy potent wand employ ?
And cause my heart in childhood's morn to thrill,
When to thy tones divine, with novel joy,

I turned my raptured ear—as if each sound
Communion in the soul with kindred spirits found?

Love, wonder, reverence, each the mind possess,
When the full notes of inspiration came
From favoured priests, whose brows thy hands hath
drest

With wreaths of immortality and fame;
And then—e'en then, with emulative fire
480 My kindling spirit glowed to sweep the tuneful lyre !

O now resigning thee,—'tis now I feel
That I could strike thee with a bolder hand .
And brighter visions to thy chords reveal,
And Fancy's empire wider far expand.
O now, my Lyre ! that we must part, I'd fain
Essay upon thy strings some more exalted strain.

But see yon lusty Eagle pierce the sky !
With feeble wings his first ascent was made ;
The solar splendour checked his bashful eye,
490 Till future efforts all his powers displayed ;
At length, familiar to the dazzling ray,
And confident of strength, he holds his lofty way.


MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON A BEAUTIFUL INFANT, THE DAUGHTER OF — SHARPE, ESQ. WINDSOR.

Written in 1820.

I.

AIR, lovely child ! thy dimpled cheek,
Of glossy texture smooth and sleek,
Is softer than the silk that flows
From India's coasts,
And brighter than the damask rose
That Syria boasts.

II.

Thy pouting lips far ruddier glow
Than coral from the depths below ;
And when thy teeth, by smiles betrayed,
Appear so white,
They seem like ivory inlaid
In rubies bright.

III.

How sportively thy tresses play !
How fancifully wild they stray
In sweet disorder o'er thy neck,
So plump and fair !
Whilst shorter curls thy forehead deck
Of shining hair.

IV.

I fain would give, but vainly try,
20 A due description of thine eye ;
I'll say 'tis bright, and soft, and mild :
I'll say—but then
There's something in its look, sweet Child,
That mocks my pen.

V.

Go to thy happy Father's knee,
Who fondly, fondly doats on thee ;
Go, pat his cheek, and prate, and smile,
And he shall trace
Thy mother's image beam the while
30 In thy sweet face.

VI.


'Tis now that tender Mother's care,
To teach her darling infant prayer :
Within her own thou, clasped, dost lay
Thy little hands,
And Cherub-like to Heaven dost say
What she commands.

VII.

O may that sweet simplicity
For ever, ever dwell with thee !
And as thy beauty ripens, so
40 May wisdom too !
In virtue as in stature grow
Sweet Child, adieu !

ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

1821.

HRICE welcome be thy early prime,
Returning Spring! O! sweetest time
That in the circling year we trace—
How beautiful thy infant face!

All hail! enchanting season, hail!
Again thy cheerful smiles prevail;
Now pleasure beams without alloy,
No sounds are heard but those of joy,
No prospect meets the raptured sight
10 But scenes of beauty fair and bright—
All, all is gladness, life, and light.

Now sparkling shine the vivid streams,
The glowing sky with lustre beams,
O'er all the landskip round is seen
A robe of purest virgin green,
Adorned with gems of glittering dew,
And wrought with flowers of various hue.
From budding trees, with dulcet voice,
The feathered songsters now rejoice;
20 The stately cygnet loves to glide
Majestic o'er the azure tide;

The heifers' sport, the lambkins' play,
The prancing steeds' resounding neigh
To every eye and ear reveal
What fond delight in thy return they feel.

Thrice welcome to the happy boy :
He meets thy smile with kindred joy ;
His youthful season, as thine own,
With opening buds and flowers is strown ;
30 Whilst ev'ry scene of thine that beams
Is like his visions—like his dreams :
O! thou in all things to the year
Doth just as youth to life appear ;
And thus congenial, well may he
Rejoice thy blest return to see !

The Poet feels thy views inspire
His latent flame, his slumbering fire.
Auspicious is the early Spring
To fancy's bright and soaring wing :
40 It shows in colours fair, though faint,
The Paradise he loves to paint ;
And with its genial warmth conveys
Each tender thought to grace his lays.

The Invalid, so wan and pale,
Now woos thy gentle western gale :
With perfume stole from many a flower,
It wafts its odour near the bower
In which his sickly form is staid,

By some enwoven branches' aid :
 50 Its fragrance, freshness, both impart
 Virescence to his drooping heart :
 Again his fainting spirits rise ;
 Again he lifts his faded eyes ;
 Again they glisten, sparkle, glow,
 To see the earth so fair below,
 The Heaven above so pure and clear ;
 Again his feeble limbs appear
 Their long-departed strength to find—
 His powers revive !—O ! still be kind :
 60 Increase his vigour day by day,
 Nor let it pass a transient fit away !

E'en he, the child of care and grief,
 Can find in thee a sweet relief :
 Though naught below to him pertains
 That thou canst gild ; nor hope remains
 Of earthly joy ; yet thou dost bring
 The promise of a happier Spring,
 Where clouds no more on life shall lour,
 Nor fall surcharged with Sorrow's shower ;
 70 Where thou, Affliction ! ne'er again
 Shall o'er his head thy storms maintain ;
 Unchilled by cold, unscorched by heat,
 That blissful Spring will shine complete,
 Unchangeable, eternal prime,
 That ends nor varies with the lapse of time !

GLANVORLACH AND LANARA.

A WELSH FRAGMENT.

GLANVORLACH.



RISE, my beloved, in the stillness of night,
And beam on Glanvorlach, one smile
from thine eye ;
Arise from thy pillow and slumbers so
light,
Or the morn will advance when thy lover must fly.

How sound is thy sleep, whilst to me ever wooing
It promises balm for a heart wanting rest ;
When lo ! as I follow, it leaves me pursuing,
And mocks the pursuer, and scorns his request.

But how could I sleep when Lanara is banished ?
Or how could my soul be at rest when she's fled ?
Lanara ! Lanara ! the torches have vanished,
And all in the Castle is still as the dead.

The moon in full orb of bright silver is shining,
And clear is the blue of the concave above,
Beneath is Glanvorlach thine absence repining ;
O ! haste to the lattice, Lanara, my love !

But why should I call thee, thy slumbers repressing ?
 Forgive the rude voice that hath broken thy rest —
 Sleep on, gentle Maid, and enjoy the night's blessing—

20 O ! how could my tongue that enjoyment molest ?

But whilst thou art calmly and sweetly reposing,
 And deaf to the voice which unheeded deplors,
 Let Fancy awake, each fond image disclosing,
 Nor in sleep lose remembrance of him who adores.

LANARA.

What voice hath thus sounded so soft in my ear,
 And chased my fond visions so sudden away ?
 Glanvorlach ! were those accents thine ? did I hear
 Thy tongue thus reproving Lanara's delay ?

Yes, thine was the voice, in none other is blended
 30 Such sweetness and tenderness, breathing such
 love—

But comest thou securely—from danger defended ?
 For dreadful the foes of Glanvorlach may prove.

Alas ! though the moon is her brightness revealing,
 And clear, without cloud, is the concave of blue,
 It warms not the snow that's around thee congealing,
 Though fair the reflection, and lovely the view.

It warms not thy frame, nor affords thee a cover
From winds that so sharply and bitterly sweep—
Depart then, Glanvorlach ! depart then, my lover,
40 And wrap thy cold limbs in the mantle of sleep.

GLANVORLACH.

It is not the blue, nor the orb that is gleaming [sky,
That brightness which clothes the fair front of the
Now warm or attract me, but thou sweeter beaming,
And what could arrest me when thou art so nigh ?

For though the white fall on the earth may congeal,
And keenly the wind in its bitterness blow,
Too warm is my heart in thy presence to feel
The keen blast of air, or the chill of the snow.

Lanara ! this night must my fate be decided :—
50 Wilt thou with Glanvorlach thy destiny twine ?
To him—to his arm be thy safety confided ;—
Descend, my Lanara,—thy prison resign !

LANARA.

O yes, for Glanvorlach I'd laugh at each danger,
But high are the walls, and the lattice is barred—
Flee—flee, my brave lover ! for yon distant stranger
Approaches to rouse from their slumber the guard.

A stranger ! O ! no—'tis my Father I trace—
Now Heaven be thy succour, and prosper thy flight—
Flee—flee from the anger that lours on his face,
60 And lift not thy hand against him in despite.

Glanvorlach was brave, and would proudly have
spurned

The foes that in battle might round him have prest,
But now from the Sire of Lanara he turned,
And laid his bright steel in the scabbard at rest.

For how could he strike where Lanara must bleed ?
Yet vengeance is near him, and breathing to slay—
Flee—flee then ! but vain too alas ! is thy speed,
For swifter that ball through the air wings its way.

* * * * *

She traced the red drops to the corpse—it was cold—
70 Her mantle around it she tenderly drew ;
Imprest a light kiss, and then ceased to behold ;
For dim waxed her eye, and her heart fainter grew—

* * * * *

Of whom is that dark scowling chieftain in quest ?
The victim he slew, or Lanara his pride ?
Glanvorlach—Lanara—are both laid at rest—
The youth where he fell, and the maid at his side.

ON A YOUNG LADY'S BIRTHDAY.

1821.



WHY do thy friends, and parents dear,
Their hearts to festive mirth resign ?
Why do they love, each circling year,
To consecrate this day as thine ?

It is because this joyous day
Gave to those parents' arms a child,
Whose fondness smooths life's rugged way,
Of many a care by thee beguiled.

It is because this joyous day
10 Gave Anna's sweet affection birth,—
Those Sisters now delight to pay
The tribute to a Sister's worth.

And often may this day return
With smiling heavens to them—to thee :
With constant flame affection burn,
And brighter each nativity.

ON

THE DEPARTURE OF SOME FRIENDS.

1821.

THE day is come! and soon you'll be
Far, far removed from hence, and me;
But "out of sight," I shall not find
That you so soon are "out of mind:"

The moment that you bid adieu,
My sportive Muse will do so too;
And little now inclined to stay,
She only waits the noon of day,
Before she wings her distant way.

}

10 A fickle friend! she jests awhile,
When other friends are here to smile;
But when they are about to go,
She then can fits of sadness show;
And when they're gone, she too hath flown,
And left her votary all alone.

Ungrateful! thou shalt yet remain;
Thou still shalt aid me to sustain
One feeble and expiring strain—

}

20 Thou yet shalt one last hour employ,
To wish the travellers peace and joy;

And say, that, as the day is fair,
The journey smooth—serene the air ;
So does he wish that life may be
To each—to all—for ever free
From grief and anxious care.

}

SONG.

1814.



ORRODE not thou thy heart with care,
Because some darkness may appear ;
But let thy fancy cheat despair,
And trust a brighter hour is near :
For the Sun that is veiled in the clouds of the morn,
May shine forth at noon, and in evening return,
Serenely, to drink of the wave ;
And though fortune should frown, let thy heart not
be low,
'Tis for those who despise her her smiles ever flow,
10 And o'er *them* she no conquest can have.

Nor deem the season clothed in gloom,
Because the past more fairly beams ;
For every hour that nears the tomb,
Far lovelier when receding seems.
Look back on the days unregarded that past,
Though pleasing not then, yet how sweetly they're
To the eye, as reviewing them o'er ; [cast
And the cloud from the present shall clear in the end,
When its charms, now neglected, as sweetly will blend,
20 And thy heart may regret they're no more.

LLEWELLYN TO HIS PEOPLE.

1818.



AMBRIANS ! round your standards ho-
Every nerve to victory string, [ver,
Your Prince defend, your Country cover,
From England's proud, insulting King.

Bravely were these mountains shielded,
By your noble Sires of yore ;
Shall they now be basely yielded ?
Turn the daring foe once more.

Warriors ! think, O how degrading
10 Sits the yoke upon the brave !
Slaves themselves, a tyrant aiding
Freeborn nations to enslave.

Cambria ! shall we see thy beauty
Grace the train of England's Queen ?
Sweeter far the grave of duty—
Death or freedom close the scene.

THE DEPARTURE.

SOUTH AMERICA.

1815.




DIEU! receding land, adieu!
And shall I then no longer view
Those scenes of fond delight?
O! let me take one farewell more,
Ere from thy soft blue mountain shore
I turn my lingering sight.

Yet as our homeward course we steer,
Though hills arise than thine more dear,
They shall not thine efface :
10 In thought I'll oft return to thee,
And what the eye no more can see
The memory still shall trace.

ON THE LATE KING (GEORGE III.).

1820.

IS aged frame, and hoary head,
Are laid beside the kindred dead;
Like them, and all that's formed of clay,
To moulder and consume away;
Nor shall escutcheon, urn, or bust,
Remain to say, " 'Tis Royal dust."

Cold Death arrived with withering blast,
And from his hand the sceptre past;
His crown is o'er another's brow,
10 And what survives the Monarch now?
His titles, rank, and pomp are o'er,
And proud distinction reigns no more.

But (not like wasting things of earth)
His virtues were of nobler birth;
And mid the wreck of time secure,
Beyond its limits they endure;
And whilst the regal splendors die,
His worth transcends mortality.

The Parent that so fondly loved
 20 Is from our sorrowing eyes removed;
 But still his soft, paternal heart,
 Shall never from our memory part;
 Which often to the mind shall bring
 "How kind a father was the King!"

Friend, parent, husband—all are gone
 With him, in whom they brightly shone;
 But still their social virtues give
 Example high to them that live,
 And through each rank their influence spread,
 30 To bless the living and the dead.


And though to him, of life bereft,
 No sovereignty on earth is left;
 Yet with him to the realms above
 He takes a grateful people's love,
 And long the good old Monarch's reign
 Shall grafted in our hearts remain.

CHORUS.

The memory of the just and good
 Is with our prayers and praise endued;
 And when the trumpet sounds on high
 40 For all to meet their destiny,
 Another—better crown shall bless
 The hoary head of righteousness.

ON SEEING SOME FRIENDS TAKING
LEAVE OF EACH OTHER.

1820.


 IS near, the unwelcome hour is near
 When those who fondly love must part;
 In vain we check the rising tear,
 In vain repress the swelling heart.

The power of utterance fails,
 While grief exerts her spell;
 And ere the mute enchantment end,
 The struggling feelings long contend;
 Till one full effort more prevails,
 10 And then—farewell!—farewell!

They're gone! and O! how transient now
 Those days of recent converse seem;
 They're gone! and lo! with pensive brow
 We ponder on a broken dream.

From every eye retired,
 In silence left to muse;
 While those beloved, who yet remain,
 With kindness seek to soothe our pain;
 Till, by some brighter hope inspired,
 20 We cheat our gloom with happier views.

SONG.

1818.



HERE'S many a ringlet fair as thine,
And many an eye is brighter ;
There's many ruddier cheek and lip,
And many a form is lighter.

There's many a foot that leads the dance
With airier tread rebounding ;
To many a finer touch than thine
I've heard the lyre resounding.

But never a softer, kinder heart,
10 Its constancy hath cherished ;
And that shall long repay my love,
When every charm hath perished.

SONG.

1817.



BRAID not with lilies thy soft shining
hair,
For 'twill shame them to rest near that
forehead so fair;
Nor yet with the loveliest of roses that blow,
For with envy they'll fade at thy cheek's richer glow.

Leave thy charms in their own native lustre to shine,
Like the virtues that dwell in that bosom of thine;
For nature in thee needs no succour from art,
Unadorned be thy form—undisguised is thy heart.

SONG.

1816.



LEAR and beautiful the sun is shining
O'er the western hills afar,
Slowly, gradually its orb declining,
Sinks beneath the evening star.

Stay, thou luminary, stay and brighten
Yonder dreary path with day ;
Stay, yon solitary track to lighten,
Where the traveller wends his way.

Pale and fearfully his partner sitting,
Watches night's approach with dread ;
And his little ones, their sports remitting,
Listen for his horse's tread.

Stay then, fugitive,—though fainter gleaming,
Still upon his journey shine,
Till their sparkling eyes around him beaming
Cheer with sweeter light than thine.

MIDNIGHT HOUR.

1816.

I.



O, studious Boy—in yonder tower
 The bell hath tolled the midnight hour,
 Compose thy wearied thoughts in sleep,
 Nor longer here thy vigils keep.
 For though science adorn, and men honour thy name,
 Too dear is the purchase of learning and fame,
 When thy cheeks are so pallid and wan.
 O! what can the wisdom of mortals impart?
 And what is the laurel, or praise to his heart
 10 From whom health and its blessings are gone?

II.

And thou, too, Child of Avarice, spare
 Thy ceaseless toil, thy anxious care;
 Nor worship to that idol pay,
 Which claims thy homage all the day.
 O stay not thus wasting thy body and mind,
 In heaping up riches thou'lt soon leave behind,
 From the hand of a spendthrift to flee.
 Why give for another thy comfort and peace?
 And for ever endanger thy soul, to increase
 20 The hoards that are useless to thee?

III.

Nor longer thou, sweet Fair, remain
Where fashion leads her midnight train ;
Although the form of joy she wears,
And pleasure in her look appears,—
O let not the syren thy senses beguile
With her gay laughing noise, and her bright dimpled
smile,
For wretchedness gnaws her unseen ;
Thy charms in her mansion will swiftly decay,
Thy beauty, thy spirits, thy health fleet away,
30 And grief and remorse supervene.

IV.

And pardon me, thou Child of Love,
If I thy midnight sighs reprove,
And bid thee try thine eyes to close,
To lull thy cares in soft repose.
If hopeless thy passion, O ! let it not prey,
For why shouldst thou pine thus with sorrow away
For one who regards not thy tear ?
But if thou dost only of absence complain,
Live in hope, and thy spirits and beauty retain
40 For him who is constant and dear.

SONG OF THE SIBERIAN EXILE.

1816.



SHINE not thus with beam so bright,
Celestial source of heat and light !
Thy genial power may still recall
Fair summer's charms from winter's
thrall ;—

But never can thy warmth restore
Joy to the exiled bosom more.

The separated heart is cold
To every scene thy rays unfold ;
And e'en had sorrow fled this breast,
10 And dark remembrance here had rest,
When none are left our lot to share,
What else were joy is turned to care.


And warbler ! hush thy tuneful throat,
Awake not here sweet freedom's note,
To rouse the past, that ne'er again
Shall soothe the hopeless captive's chain—
Then quickly from the spray remove,
And distant chaunt thy hymn of love.

The deer that o'er the mountains bound,
20 Will gratulate its cheerful sound,
And love to hear thy voice restore
The summer song of joy once more ;
Then go to whom thy lay is due,
And still the lively strain renew.

But here, fair Songster, hover not
Around the banished father's cot—
His former scenes, his severed ties
Must now no more in memory rise ;
But all of wrong, of joy and grief,
30 Repose, till death affords relief.

A TOAST GIVEN ABROAD.

1819.

OME! here's joy to the Land that lies
far o'er the wave,
To the Island that sits like a queen in
the sea;

To the parent of freedom, the nurse of the brave,
To the cradle of genius,—Old England, to thee!


And here's joy to the hearts of our kindred and friends,
Who render that Island so sacred and dear:
May affection increase as our absence extends—
May they think of us now, as we think of them here.

'Tis to love them the more that we part for a while—
10 Nothing duly is prized till the want of it's known:
Let the thought then of meeting our absence beguile,
And the joy that we wish them shall then be our
own.

TO DELLIUS.

HORACE. ODE III. BOOK II.

1816.

HEN fortune wears her darkest guise,
A mind unshaken still maintain;
And if she smile with favouring eyes,
From rash intemperate joy refrain:
Let not thy soul be raised too high,
For, Dellius, thou wert born to die.

Whether through life by care opprest,
Or on the cool sequestered green,
With rich Falernian vintage blest,
10 Thy calm and gilded hours have been,
Where the pale poplar loves to twine
Its shady branches with the pine—

Where murmuring waters glide and play,
In winding rivulets near thy bower,—
With wine and odours there convey
The lovely rose's transient flower,
While youth and wealth their blessings shed,
And the trine Sisters spare thy thrad.

Thy costly woods and palace fair,
20 Thy villa, laved by Tiber's stream,
Must soon descend to bless that heir,
For whom thy glittering coffers teem;
And wealth and lineage ne'er can save
A mortal from his lowly grave.

For Death, with stern unpitying look,
Alike regards the poor and great;
And lo! the urn is ever shook,
That dooms its victim, soon or late,
By Charon to be wafted o'er
30 The stream that we repass no more.

TO HIS SLAVE.

HORACE. ODE XXXVIII. BOOK I.

1816.



HATE the Persians' stately pomp,
 Their linden-wreaths offend the eye ;
 Nor seek thou where the lingering rose
 Refuses yet to droop and die.

The myrtle's branch, with ease obtained,
 Will grace thy master's brows and thine,
 Carousing he, attending thou,
 Subtected by the slender vine.

MORNING. AN ODE.

1816.



SLUMBERING mortal ! leave thy pillow,
 Quit the enslaving bonds of sleep ;
 Lo ! the sun above the billow
 Shines upon the azure deep ;
 And see, beneath his early beam,
 The rippling waters brightly gleam.

Mark the glorious light of morning,
 Calling nature's charms to view, ;
 Strand, and rocks, and cliffs adorning,
 10 With each fair and brilliant hue.
 From every lofty mountain's head
 The humid mists of night have fled.

There the bark, her sails unfurling,
 Glistens in the orient ray ;
 Here the dusky smoke is curling
 O'er the huts that skirt the bay ;
 And there it leaves the signal gun,
 That loudly hailed the rising sun.

Now the solar beam hath rested
20 On the city's sacred spire,
And her warlike towers invested
With his gay and rich attire ;
Here, like blazing gold, 'tis seen,—
And there, like silver's dazzling sheen.

View the early clouds retiring,
Taste the fresh and genial air,
Cheerfulness and health inspiring,
Foe to sickness and to care :
'Twill soon thy languid frame restore,
30 And tinge thy pallid cheek once more.

Come, the joyful Lark ascending
Tunes to Heaven her early lays,
And the little birds are blending
All their sweetest notes of praise,—
Rise, and with the whole creation
Pay thy morning's adoration.

ELEGY.

1819.



WHERE shall the heart that is burthened
with sorrow
Look round for the beacon which leads it
to rest,
When the gloom of the day settles darker to-morrow,
And the grave robs each object of love from the
breast?

When Death has divided whom Friendship had
blended,
And left him in loneliness here to his doom;
When the days that remain must in sickness be ended,
And Poverty chills on the road to the tomb?

When unheard is the sigh which his breast heaves
in anguish,
10 And dying, none round him to smooth the last
stage—
O where is his hope that is thus left to languish?
What power can redeem, or what visions assuage?

A still voice is heard breathing mercy and love;
'Tis the voice of Religion to free him from care;
It tells him of pleasures that wait him above
Whom the world hath encompassed with naught
but despair.

Now, patient in suffering, resigned in his grief,
Through the stage of his sorrow and bitterness past,
He smiles upon Death as it bears him relief—
20 As the bud of his joy, of his misery the last.

Behold in that eye, ere the seal be imprest
Which shall close its faint lids from the light, and
for ever,
What transports awake!—in the realms of the blest
He views each beloved whom no more death shall
sever.

No more from those forms so endeared to be riven,
But in love they shall ever united endure;
The world might have smiled, have befriended, but
Heaven
Alone could that bliss, now immortal, ensure.

AD ANNUM DECEDENTEM.

1851.



EVENTFUL year! in Time's long course
 the germ
 Of this, the second Pentecostal term,
 Which our progressing century contains,
 With wonders filled, though half unspent remains—
 Eventful year! how pregnant thou hast been
 Of change and chance will not be fully seen
 Till this new Pentecost hath waxed old,
 And all its coming years their tales have told.
 But yet within thy horoscope alone
 10 Strange sights are viewed, and vast mutations shown;
 And human breasts, and nature void of life
 Are big with pangs and throes of future strife.
 Whate'er those strifes may be—how long soe'er—
 Whatever springs or actors hence appear—
 The Hand Divine shall human hands control,
 And every foot impel to its appointed goal.
 Till knowledge, bright and pure, from fonts divine,
 With tempered freedom, through the earth shall shine;
 Justice and Right o'er all the world extend,
 20 And all mankind pursue their proper end;

Alike released from galling chains that bind
 The human frame, or curb the human mind ;
 And from the viler fetters forged within
 By evil passions and the power of sin.
 And thus restored, their days in peace and joy
 In serving God and man, may all employ.

Eventful year ! I pass thy public woes
 And public joys ; and here alone disclose
 The mournful changes wrought in thee around,
 30 Within the precincts of this narrow bound.

Scarce wert thou born, and ushered in by Time,
 Ere thou didst grieve for Alford's hopeful prime,
 Whose gifted hands, just filled, were instant spread
 His ample blessings all around to shed ;
 When, heedless of his opening virtues, past
 In frozen mood the stern commissioned blast—
 Unmindful of the widow's, orphan's tear,
 Or those of hundreds, shed upon his bier—
 And, with resistless fury, as it came,
 40 Extinguished in his breast the vital flame !

Heedless of fortune, and of rank, alike,
 The swift-winged angel still advanced to strike ;
 Nor riper years, nor riper virtues spared ;
 Nor e'en for "sorrow upon sorrow" cared ;
 But unrelenting hurled his barb'd dart,
 Through good Northampton's tender, sorrowing heart.

³² Lord Viscount Alford, who had lately succeeded to the extensive Bridgewater estates.

⁴⁶ The Marquis of Northampton, father-in-law of Lord Alford.

Insatiate still, it cast its wintry guise, '
 And robed in vernal green—for fell surprise—
 Round Haddon paced; and, with remorseless blow,
 50 Laid 'gentle, kind and virtuous Sawbridge low!

In vain the cheered and hopeful spirit hails
 Thy summer's sun—thy summer's softer gales.
 Fair waves the corn, uninjured by the breeze;
 The ruddy fruits, unhurt, surcharge the trees,
 In due progression ripening day by day,
 Till, well matured, they fall to Time a prey.
 But in that blooming garb, with gladdening rays,
 The unwearied spirit of destruction slays
 Poor human kind: nor change from place to place
 60 Can save the best or noblest of our race;
 Nor, for a thousand voices raised in prayer,
 'Through Spencer's wide domain, would he forbear;
 But, with unswerving lance, at distance hurled,
 Of her compassions robbed a suffering world!

Retracing back his dread commissioned bound,
 Again he treads the fatal circle round:
 By Ecton stands,* in fair Pomona's garb,
 And there discharged his keen, resistless barb,
 Which fell afar; but too unerring flew,
 70 And one more good, lamented victim slew.

Returning hence, with fierce unabated breath,
 His restless steps—the Minister of Death
 At Brockhall strikes; and there again recalls
 The tears, just dried, within her mansion's walls.

* The Countess of Spencer.

70 Mrs. Isted.

71 The seat of T. R. Thornton, Esq.

Nor do the great and wealthy fall alone,
Though spoils unwonted from their ranks are shown ;
But he who chronicled each house and name,
And gave their annals to the voice of Fame,
Beneath his arduous labours long decayed,
80 Himself submits to Death's impartial blade ;
And leaves—to some Historian hence consigned—
His own unstained and virtuous name behind.

Unwearied still—for while thine end draws near,
From Ashby's old monastic towers we hear
The funeral knell repeat the warning note
That death has there the Lady mother smote.

Nor these, alas ! suffice ; but homes less great
Are filled with gloom for some untimely fate ;
Nor were those victims of a humbler sphere
90 Therein regretted less, or held less dear ;
Nor would, if space allowed, my mournful muse
Like tribute, or like sympathy refuse.
For every state and station here below,
If well fulfilled, her meed of praise should flow :
Nor for the lowliest heart that grieves, disdain
To soothe its sorrows with unpurchased strain.

77 G. Baker, Esq. 86 Lady Dryden of Canon's Ashby.

December 1, 1851.

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